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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	679
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:	
The Testing of Sir Edward Grey ...	682
The Madness of Belfast ...	683
Combines and the Public ...	684
The Weakness of the Welsh Establishment ...	685
The Task of the Prime Minister. By H. W. M. ...	687
LIFE AND LETTERS:	
Is there an American Type? ...	689
The Soul of the Irish ...	690
The Growth of the Society Journal ...	692
SHORT STUDIES:	
"F—E—D." By Mark Rutherford ...	693
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:	
Switch-Points in Home Rule. By Professor C. H. Oldham	693
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:	
The Revolution in Szechuan. By "Guthlac" ...	694
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
The Slavery of Modern Parenthood. By Mrs. J. T. Kingsley Tarpey ...	696
The New Wife. By Mrs. Honora Twycross ...	696
F. D. Maurice. By C. E. Maurice ...	697
The Reporting of Liberal Ministers. By Yorkshire Radical ...	697
A Request for Light. By M. R. Hoste and M. I. G. ...	697
A Plan for Exalting Consols. By S. P. C. ...	698
Poetry:	
The House of Clay. By C. A. Dawson Scott ...	699
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:	
REVIEWS:	
Newman (First Notice) ...	701
The Ancoats Brotherhood ...	702
Some Galician Impressions ...	704
A Psychical Novel ...	706
BOOKS IN BRIEF:	
A Duke and His Friends ...	706
The Life of Cesare Borgia ...	708
The Wife of General Bonaparte ...	708
THE WEEK IN THE CITY: By Lucellum	
SUPPLEMENT.	
REVIEWS:	
Mr. Sturge Moore's New Poems. By L. A. ...	717
Two Histories of Scotland. By Andrew Lang ...	718
Modern Ideals in the German Theatre ...	719
The Bishop Chatty ...	720
The Plot Against the Serbs ...	721
Sigurd and Others ...	722
A Manual of Local Government ...	723
The Heroine Who Does Not Marry ...	723

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE second ballots for the German Reichstag were held on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday. The earliest of these results seemed to indicate a check to the Socialist successes, but the Radicals and Liberals, with their assistance, did well. Tuesday's results, however, more than redressed the balance. Whatever hesitation the other parties of the Left may have felt at first in supporting Socialists was evidently overcome. The most striking of their successes was at Cologne, always regarded as the "Rome" of German Catholicism, where a Socialist defeated a Centre candidate by more than 4,000 votes. This result is a proof that in an industrial town, at least, Liberals have no hesitation in preferring a "Red" victory to a "Blue-Black" success. In the one non-Socialist division of Berlin, the Radical won only by a bare seven votes, yet this is the Court and official quarter, the Westminster of Berlin. The Socialists, with a total strength of 110, are now the strongest party in the Reichstag, and the Centre, long accustomed to that position, is weaker than it has ever been since 1893.

THE final results may be grouped thus:—

		PROGRESSIVES.	REACTIONARIES.
Socialists	...	110	Centre Party ...
Radicals	...	46	Conservatives and
National Liberals	...	44	Free Conservatives
			Poles ...
			Anti-Semites ...
Total	...	200	Total ... 182

There have also to be reckoned some fifteen free-lances, classed as Alsatiens, Guelphs, Danes, and Independents.

* * *

THIS very narrow division of forces will make a Reichstag whose actions it will be impossible to forecast. If the two main bodies were homogeneous, the result would be stalemate. But it is only for certain purposes—chiefly resistance to aggressive reaction at home—that the National Liberals can safely be reckoned as a Progressive party. The Poles, on the other hand, though they are an Agrarian and Clerical party, are not a reliable fraction of the "Blue-Black" Block. Already it is being said that the Reichstag is unworkable, and must soon be dissolved. On the whole, the parties of the Left have gained in cohesion. Some of the most Conservative of the National Liberal leaders have been defeated, to the open delight of the Radicals, and the chances of united action of the Left are greatly enhanced thereby. It is also possible that the Centre, which, despite its clericalism, used often to profess relatively democratic opinions, has learned its lesson, and will be less likely in the future to ally itself with the Conservatives. In any event the ascendancy of the reaction is broken.

* * *

THE rather mysterious visit this week of Dr. Solf, the German Colonial Minister, to London, has induced speculations in the press which show an interesting unanimity in their guess-work. Dr. Solf is said officially to have come to London to study the diamond trade—an odd form of diplomatic cipher. His real object is believed to be to discuss the possibilities of an arrangement for the reversion of the Portuguese colonies to Germany and Great Britain. There is said to be a secret treaty regulating their disposal, which dates from 1898. Angola and the upper region of Mozambique are to go to Germany, if Portugal is disposed to sell; Beira and Delagoa Bay, with the lower part of Mozambique, south of the Zambesi, to Great Britain. The Conservative press, from the "Saturday Review" to the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Standard," has been forward in welcoming the arrangement. We have reason to believe that hopeful Anglo-German negotiations are in progress.

* * *

In a school-room at North Sunderland on Saturday, Sir Edward Grey devoted part of a general speech on the political situation to a defence of his foreign policy. He began, half-jocularly, by reminding his critics that he had spoken pretty often on foreign affairs of late, and assuring them that he had not read their criticisms. His reply made it clear that at least he has not understood them. His foreign policy was in any event not his, but that of the Cabinet—an answer which does not cover the

[January 27, 1912.]

Mansion House speech. He wanted to put his audience on their guard against people who were "very bad advisers"—those who think we "do not interfere nearly enough, especially in Asia." To interfere in Mongolia would, for example, demand a vastly increased military expenditure. These people are advocating "a maximum of interference and a minimum of friendship." Such a policy would soon leave us without a friend in Europe.

* * *

We deal elsewhere with the curious and elementary misunderstandings involved in this reply. The protests of Sir Edward Grey's critics have been against "the minimum of friendship" which he maintains with Germany, and the "maximum of interference" which he accords to Russia. In reply to a question he said that Russia has not annexed Persia, and that "if it is the responsibility and the duty of this country to guarantee the independence of the whole of countries like Persia . . . you are going to place upon this country burdens greater than it can bear." The word "whole" is illuminating. When he *did* guarantee the integrity and independence of Persia, we suppose Sir Edward Grey meant only to guarantee half. That is why he has partitioned it. As to the burdens and the expenditure, we shall be in a position to measure them when the trans-Persian railway is built and the problems of Indian defence faced in their new bearings.

* * *

THE Belfast Orangemen have developed their campaign against free speech. They propose to stop a lawful meeting by promoting what is, in character and intent, an unlawful one. The Corporation have granted the use of the Ulster Hall for an Orange assembly on February 7th, the day before Lord Pirrie's and Mr. Churchill's. The gathering is *mala fide*. The design is for a crowd to take possession of the hall and remain in it all night and all the next day. It is, of course, checkmated by the very moderate and sensible course adopted by Mr. Churchill. Writing to Lord Londonderry, on whom he fixes a personal responsibility for serious rioting, he proposes to hold his meeting, but to leave the Orangemen the hall in which they dare not risk a Home Rule argument. Probably St. Mary's Hall, the usual Nationalist headquarters, will be chosen. This strikes the weapons of murder out of Anarchy's hand, and is thus far good. But the Government is bound to vindicate the outraged law, and with that end to strike Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson off the Privy Council which they disgrace.

* * *

THE truce in Lancashire has not been kept in some of the mills where non-unionists are employed. Mr. and Mrs. Riley, whose refusal to join the Weavers' Union was one of the two incidents that produced the strike, were hooted and mobbed in the mill upon the resumption of work, and while the wife has at length consented to join the union, the husband is attempting to find work elsewhere. In other places also non-unionists have been mobbed, the worst case, in one way, being that of a Miss Thornhill, who was hooted on her way to her loom, on the ground that she has joined the Catholic Workers' Federation. The Catholic Workers seceded from the Weavers' Union on conscientious grounds, the Union having passed a resolution in favor of secular education. If trade unions not only refuse to tolerate non-unionists, but extend the same ban to rival unions, while at the same time they are turning their own unions to political ends to which a minority may most conscientiously object, they are driving matters altogether beyond the legitimate limits of trade union solidarity.

THE Conciliation Board which represents the "English" coalfields—*i.e.*, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands—has been sitting for several days this week. The only official information up to the time of writing is negative. There is "no deadlock." This confirms the unofficial admission that the owners in this part of the mining world are willing—as, indeed, they were in the autumn—to recognise the principle of the minimum wage. There remain for negotiation two questions, (1) how to safeguard the employer against malingering, (2) at what figure the minimum is to be fixed. Apparently the men want not only to establish the principle of the minimum, but incidentally to raise wages, while the employers would recognise a minimum corresponding to the normal earnings of a hewer at existing rates. The men will be well advised to take one point at a time. But even if this week's negotiations should be satisfactory, there remains the question of the other coalfields, and particularly South Wales. The danger is not so much that of a general strike as of serious trouble in South Wales which may arise in a local strike, and, conceivably, in the break-up of the Miners' Federation, one of the finest labor organisations in existence.

* * *

THE compromise which had been all but concluded between Yuan-Shih-Kai and the republicans has been exposed during the week to two opposite perils, and it is doubtful now whether anything remains of it. It provided for the pensioning of the Royal House and the Manchu clansmen in an honorable retirement, which would have left them about as much power and consequence as James II. and the English exiles enjoyed at Versailles. Yuan-Shih-Kai was to become President of the Republic. Unexpectedly, a message was received in Peking from Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen which seemed to upset the bargain, and the latter was at once accused of bad faith. The next piece of news was that his telegram had been misunderstood, and that he adheres to the compact. A later message, however, declares that he distrusts Yuan, and is unwilling that he should assume the Presidency until the Republic is free from all external danger and has been recognised by the Powers. If this news is reliable, it is very serious. The Powers would readily recognise a Republic with Yuan at its head, but might hesitate if his position were uncertain.

* * *

MORE serious still is the sudden revival of a fighting spirit, or at least a truculent disposition among the Manchus. They have delayed the adoption of the edict of abdication, and it is even said that the Regent and the Dowager-Empress have decided definitely against it. The leader in this movement appears to be a Tartar, who was a "General" in the Boxer rising, and whose latest exploit was an ignominious flight from Nanking when the Republicans first seized it. Rumor declared that Yuan, distrusted and disavowed by both sides, was in fear of his life, and was about to flee to the foreign settlement of Tientsin. Later came news which indicated that serious military preparations are being made, under the influence of the Court and certain generals, to resist the South. Both sides are in straits for money.

* * *

THE rigor which the Italians have shown in searching French vessels plying between Marseilles and Tunis has produced a serious diplomatic incident. The mail-boat "Carthage," which was carrying an aeroplane, destined for an aviation contest at Tunis, was arrested and taken to Cagliari and there detained under a summons to surrender the machine. This affair was closed on a voluntary declaration from the aviator that

his machine was not intended for the Turks, but solely for a series of displays. Graver was the arrest of the "Manouba," which also was taken to Cagliari. She was carrying twenty-nine Turks, members, it is stated, of the Red Crescent Society, on their way to serve as doctors and nurses with the army in Tripoli. The Ottoman Government had given due notice to the French Foreign Office of its intention to despatch them, and they were, therefore, doubly under the protection of the French flag. The captain of the "Manouba," on instructions from the French Embassy in Rome, which were apparently unauthorised, was weak enough, after some stay off Cagliari, to surrender his passengers. The Italian case is that these Turks, who carried no medical stores, but had a large sum of gold with them, are not doctors but combatant officers.

* * *

ON Monday M. Poincaré made a statement in the Chamber, courteous in tone, but firm. The captured Turkish passengers must be returned to French soil and French custody for a further inquiry into their true status, and resort if necessary might be had to arbitration. M. Poincaré was cheered from all quarters of the House, even from the Socialist benches, and the press hailed his decided handling of the question as a triumph for the Grand Ministry. The gravity of these incidents lay in the fact that both ships were mail-boats regularly plying between two French ports—in other words, they had not ceased to be French territory. If the Turks are members of the medical service, their right to travel to the seat of war cannot be questioned. But the Declaration of London, to which Italy has adhered, recognises the right to capture members of the armed forces of a belligerent on board a neutral vessel. Negotiations continue at Rome with every prospect of success.

* * *

THE election for Carmarthen Boroughs, which was rendered necessary by Mr. Llewelyn Williams's acceptance of the Recordership of Swansea, has yielded a Liberal majority of 1,261, against 2,232 in January, 1910. The Conservatives had a very strong local candidate, and Welsh labor troubles for the moment have a disturbing effect on Liberal polls. But it was recognised by the "Times" correspondent that a majority of over a thousand would represent a considerable Liberal success and a clear declaration for Welsh Disestablishment, on which, of course, Liberalism and Labor speak with one voice.

* * *

THE active campaign of protest against Anglo-Russian policy in Persia has deeply stirred the Liberalism as well as the legitimate commercial interests of Lancashire. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has already held a meeting, but even more impressive was the great gathering which filled the Town Hall on Wednesday. It had been summoned by the Lord Mayor on a requisition with seven hundred signatures, and had the support of the Free Church Council, of all the local Members of Parliament, and of Sir C. W. Macara and other spokesmen of the cotton trade. Sir W. Haworth, Mr. Gordon Harvey, Dr. Goodrich, Mr. Barton, and others spoke to a resolution which "strongly urged" the Government to respect the independence and integrity of Persia and to uphold British interests and rights. Sir Edward Grey, as one speaker put it, is now in a position to tell Russia that Persian freedom and British friendship stand and fall together. The meeting was particularly stirred by the more generous appeals on behalf of Persian nationality.

MR. MCKENNA made an interesting and conciliatory speech on Welsh Disestablishment in the Queen's Hall on Thursday night. He indicated that on disendowment the Bill would follow the lines of the measure of 1909, taking from the Welsh Church £181,000 of the pre-1662 endowments, and leaving her the fabrics, the parsonages, the life-interest of the existing incumbents, and the £60,000 a year, which she draws from English sources.

* * *

THE Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to consider the question of land tenure and tenants' rights, has issued a striking report, to which we shall return next week. The chief recommendations are a proposal to enlarge the customary period of notice to quit to two years, and, generally speaking, to make notices of less than twelve months void; to provide compensation for disturbances in cases where land is taken for small holdings; and to set up a tentative scheme of State-aided purchase and State holding of land.

* * *

THE apparently grave illness of Baron von Aerenthal has brought to publicity the subterranean campaign which has long been conducted against him by the friends of the heir to the throne. As commonly happens, he is assailed, not for the evil he has done, but for the evil he has prevented. His machinations against Servia, supported as they were by false witnesses and forgery, hardly damaged him. But he has opposed the Archduke, to whom is ascribed a plan for forcing on a war with Italy last November. The Archduke is said to aim at a League of the Three Emperors, and wishes to expel Italy from the Triple Alliance. The support for the Baron's policy comes chiefly from the Magyars, who are, as always, violently anti-Russian. What truth there is in the story of the Archduke's efforts to prepare war, and of his failure to enlist the Kaiser's support, we cannot say, but the scandal is public, and the quarrel violent. The Baron's resignation within a week is confidently predicted.

* * *

IF the Lord Chamberlain's Office were really a National Society for the Protection of Vice and the Suppression of Virtue on the Stage, it could not behave very differently from what it does to-day. It has just prohibited the production of a little one-act piece, called "The Coronation," written by Christopher St. John and Charles Thursby. We have read this play. It is a very simple, honest, harmless, and seriously-written piece of political idealism, inspired by Christian feeling. Its King, Henricus, of Omnistere (or Everywhere) is not King George, or any living king. Its Coronation is not his Coronation, or any existing or possible Coronation.

* * *

HENRICUS is a monarch who, having sworn in his Coronation Oath to uphold his people, "to see that the poor are not oppressed, and that laborers are not defrauded of their just wage," declines to be crowned until he has made, or tried to make, the reality fit the dream. So the Coronation is put off till King Henricus can tell the truth. That is all. Whom does the cap fit? All modern kings, all modern societies, more or less. Is that a reason for forbidding these Christian, moral, right-minded sentiments from being spoken on the British stage? And is the author of "Dear Old Charlie" the man through whom this edict takes effect? The Lord Chamberlain has also prohibited the performance of a new play by Mr. Zangwill entitled "The New Religion"—apparently a perfectly proper and moral work.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TESTING OF SIR EDWARD GREY.

A NEW Germany has risen to confront us in the interval between one session and another. The vital question for us, and, indeed, for European civilisation, is whether it will find a new Britain to converse with. The significance of the first ballots for the Reichstag escaped no one. They taught us that however the accidents of an obsolete distribution of constituencies and a party system ruined by the individualism of its groups might intervene between the electorate and the parliamentary expression of its opinions, there is in Germany a great majority for a pacific, progressive, and Liberal view of politics. The second ballots have notably reinforced this tendency. The Radicals, on the whole, and the National Liberals partially, have resisted the temptation to rally in a middle-class combination against the Socialists. Nothing in our politics presents a clear analogy to this grouping. The rift in Germany between the Socialists and every other party save the sincerer Radicals is deeper and sharper than any cleavage we have ever experienced outside Ireland. A middle-class German who votes "red" is acting with hardly less moral courage than a Protestant Ulsterman who votes for Home Rule. Precisely how this new Reichstag will group itself we do not at the moment know. It may prove to be impotent, unworkable, and short-lived. It is a nice problem whether the Poles by deserting the centre, or the National Liberals by compromising with the Conservatives, will succeed in controlling its destinies. It is enough for us that the Blue-Black coalition can no longer dominate it. Germany has ceased to be that sinister alliance between the hard squirearchy of Prussia and the supple but disciplined clericalism of the South.

The new Reichstag can give no impetus to the Imperialism of the "mailed fist." Whatever tendencies there were before, whether in the Ministries or at Court, to a sane and conciliatory foreign policy, have been reinforced by the verdict of the polls. The tendencies, backed by armament firms, the speculative concessionaires, and the pedants and fanatics of Pan-Germanism, to a policy of extravagant ship-building and restless expansion, have lost the popular support which might have made them formidable. Excessive armaments will be difficult to propose, if only because the present Reichstag would yield no majority for the mean and unpopular schemes of indirect taxation on which a prodigal expenditure has hitherto rested. Faced with the certainty of death-duties and a super-tax, the Prussian squirearchy would itself turn economist and pacifist. Only if events should prove to this new Reichstag that an accommodation with this country is not to be had on terms of self-respect, would a House so composed be likely to sanction a deliberate renewal of the naval and diplomatic struggles of recent years.

The test is likely to be applied to the real intentions of our diplomacy in a prompt and decisive form. The Government and the new Reichstag will have to decide this year whether they are content to abide by the Navy Law as it was originally drafted. The forced effort

in shipbuilding which consisted in laying down four capital vessels annually should end this year with a return to the modest programme of two new ships. If German Imperialism is to make out a convincing case for laying down three or even four ships in place of the prescribed two, it must be in a position to produce proof of some overwhelming necessity. To nothing less than an argument based on such a necessity would this Reichstag be likely to yield. We know what is the case which men so able and so habitually moderate as Professor Delbrück have put to their countrymen. It is in a sentence that our diplomacy has made itself the persistent antagonist of Germany, that we have "penned her in," that we opposed her ambitions, however innocent, however consistent with our own apparent interests, in every quarter of the globe, that we are ceaselessly fomenting combinations against her, that we confront her, not only in Morocco, but in Turkey, and tropical Africa as well. If that thesis is accepted, the immediate moral is armaments, and the ultimate outcome is war. But an accommodation, as Professor Delbrück told us, is possible. We might smile on the Bagdad railway, or we might give our sanction to the German plan for acquiring the derelict estates of bankrupt Portugal in Africa. It is the latter suggestion which Germany appears to have chosen for the test question.

There is reason to believe that she has already taken Sir Edward Grey at his word. He spoke of the possibility of the adjustment of frontiers in Africa. She has opened her inquiries to discover whether we would be prepared to sanction a purchase by her of the Portuguese colony of Angola. We do not happen to know whether Portugal is willing to sell, and the inevitable *démenti* has already been published. As commonly happens in this world, the pride of Portugal is in inverse ratio to her capacities and resources. To part with any portion of an Empire which represents much blood and more fever, and stands as the last relic of a glorious but wasted past, would be for her a hard and painful sacrifice. We do not know whether it is a sacrifice which the new Republican *régime*, fighting for bare life against the forces of ignorance, corruption, and clericalism, would dare to risk. But on the assumption that now or hereafter Portugal is willing to sell freely and at a fair price, there can be no question of this country's assent. Assent indeed is an inappropriate term. For our part, we should welcome the change as one of the happiest events which could arrive, whether we consider the natives or the Portuguese, ourselves or Europe. Portuguese rule has been an uncompensated curse. It has meant slavery, waste, and stagnation. It has been stained, and still is stained, by a traffic in human beings as gross and as cruel as anything which King Leopold devised. With all its ruthlessness, or rather because of its ruthlessness, it has brought neither trade nor prosperity to these regions. German rule would mean not merely an end of these cruel scandals, but order, progress, and energetic development to the benefit alike of the natives and of white traders. If, at the price of assenting to a thing good in itself, we can also secure Anglo-German friend-

ship and the consequent cessation of the naval rivalry, the bargain would be the most fortunate which any diplomatist could strike. We have paid for French friendship at the price of wrong and suffering to the Moors. We have bought off Russian hostility at the cost of Persian liberties. If we obtain cordial relations with Germany at the cost of a change which can be only a blessing to the natives affected, Sir Edward Grey may count himself twice over the benefactor of mankind.

Our Foreign Office can be under no illusions as to what it is that public sentiment expects of it. There is no section of responsible opinion which desires the continuance of Anglo-German rivalries, and the disappointment, if this hopeful proposal for an accommodation should fail, would be universal. While he replies to his Radical critics, Sir Edward Grey will do well to remember the measured but critical speeches of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne on his handling of the Moroccan crisis. We are not disposed to pay an excessive attention to his speech at North Sunderland. It was negligible as dialectics, and neither impressive nor dignified in its tone. It began with a profession that his foreign policy was that of the Cabinet. We are forced to recall the fact that when he authorised a public menace against Germany he had obtained the assent of only two of his colleagues. When he complains that his critics invite him to constant interventions on behalf of little nationalities, we need only answer that it is to his interventions against them that we object. From the first we saw in the Anglo-Russian Convention a potential partition of Persia, and the whole course of events has exactly confirmed our diagnosis. Instead of adhering to their promise that the two partners would prevent each other from interfering in Persian affairs, they have actually backed and encouraged each other's interventions. We sanctioned the original Russian entry into Tabriz. We allowed the demands of the last ultimatum to be preferred in our name. We joined with Russia in claiming a veto over Persian appointments. We are sharing with her to-day—though doubtless ours is only a modest, reluctant, and humble share—a veiled control over a terrorised Persian government. Nor, while we resent the Russian occupation in the North, must we forget that our own troops are established in the South, mainly because we vetoed the Persian proposals for floating a loan and engaging foreign officers to ensure order. Sir Edward Grey is surprised that we expect him to preserve the independence and integrity of Persia; he forgets that he chose his own ally and drew his own treaty to ensure this very object. He has equally failed to understand the burden of our criticisms about Mongolia. Why, if he is prepared to make no resistance to a Russian encroachment in a Chinese province, did he renew a military alliance with Japan designed to preserve the *status quo* in the Far East and to protect the integrity of China? We know little of the Mongols, and affect no deep concern on their behalf; what is serious is that this aggression will be followed by the usual "compensations." When Sir Edward Grey warns us that a Liberal, and, we may add a British, foreign policy would have added to our

risks and to our burden of armaments, we reply that, on the contrary, no such course could have added so certainly to our military commitments as this opening of the Indian road to the Russian advance. He has made no use of the weapons which lay to his hand—firm, public speech, the appeal to that civilised opinion to which the Russian bureaucracy is palpably sensitive, the alarm felt by Turkey at the menace to her Eastern frontier, and, above all, the engine of our finances to which Russia seeks access. The key to all this weakness has been the policy of bribing Russia with a series of *pourboires* because we feared to have her weight against us in the balance of power which we were tilting against Germany.

For such a retrospect we hope the time is going by. The moment has come to strike a bargain with our rival, and we rely on Sir Edward Grey to seize it. We believe that the Government desire such an end. We hope and believe they are marching towards it. If the Foreign Secretary accompanies and advances their progress, his present critics will be the first to acclaim the result.

THE MADNESS OF BELFAST.

"WHAT! Hand over the God-fearing, law-abiding, peaceable, industrious Protestants of Ulster to the control of a horde of turbulent, intolerant, uncivilised Papists, led by rebels and sedition-mongers!" This was the argument that weighed most heavily in the Home Rule controversies of the 'eighties and the 'nineties among the Liberal Nonconformists of this country. It was the favorite platform rhetoric of only a few weeks ago. The revelation of Belfast has turned it to ridicule. History indeed is rife with instances where groups of leading citizens have organised their clients for sedition. Nor need we seek our instances in the remote past. The recent annals of South America, or of such swiftly-rising cities as San Francisco, Seattle, or Dawson City, show brief periods of anarchy in which gangs of rowdies have "held up" their city or State. But seldom have they smeared the rugged surface of their ruffianism with the slime of moral indignation and loyalist professions poured forth by the leaders of the Belfast revolt. What is this loyalty they boast? Loyalty to the Crown, whose sealed Statute they announce their intention to disobey, even before they know its purport? Loyalty to the Constitution, the legislative function of which they refuse to recognise? Loyalty to the Empire, each several province of which demands Home Rule for Ireland? No; the loyalty of Belfast has a different interpretation from any of these. Its loyalty begins and ends at home. It reads the Shakespearean moral, "To thine own self be true!" in the light of its own memories as a fresh invitation to oppression and intolerance. For many generations it has hugged the vision and the substance of ascendancy, and the sure signs that both are destined shortly to slip away seem to have induced an epilepsy of baffled and ferocious rage. Or is the madness only a crafty simulation, a stage passion of politics, designed to make the flesh of sober John Bull creep, and to extort good concessions for the creepiness?

Is this the thought which makes the maudlin tears of Sir Edward Carson flow? Who shall say?

But there is some interest in trying to comprehend the sort of emotional process which in Belfast usurps the place of argument. It seems to run thus: "If, as is admitted, we have a right to prevent a majority in Ulster, in Ireland, in Great Britain, in the Empire, from doing what they wish to do, *à fortiori* we have a right to prevent a minority in our own city from saying and hearing what they wish to say and hear. Standing as we do before the world as advocates of the rights of a minority to resist the oppression of a majority, we must not allow the appearance of a minority inside our minority to mar its solidarity. That it should be there is bad enough, but that the outside world should know that there exists in Belfast itself a body of Protestant Home Rulers large enough to fill the Ulster Hall would never do. We can stop it if we are stiff and stern enough."

When people have committed themselves to such an emotional slope of argument, they are apt to go too far. Belfast has now learnt that she has gone too far. In her proclamation of anarchy, she has done much more than outrage the feeling for Home Rule. In Belfast and throughout Ireland itself, many Unionists are sickened by the policy of Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson. In this country, among sober Conservatives, this direct attack upon free speech finds few supporters. The utmost length to which Unionist politicians and newspapers can go in England is to repeat the "Human Nature" sentiment by which Mr. Balfour managed to condone the assaults upon free meetings during the Boer War. To support this view, it is falsely pretended that the time and place of meeting, as well as the speeches, were purposely selected in order to arouse the passions of the Orange mob, and that worse disorder would have happened if these noblemen and gentlemen of the Ulster Unionist Council had not intervened.

Now, this is not only untrue, it is quite evident hypocrisy. These gentlemen, including an ex-Viceroy, a Privy Councillor, and one or two army officers, have deliberately laid a plan to provoke a breach of the King's peace in order to give a dress-rehearsal of the rebellion which they express their intention to organise a little later, when the Crown has given its assent to an Act of Parliament, duly passed by ordinary constitutional process. Clearly this conduct removes the whole issue from the region of politics and party. Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, and Captain Craig have declared for anarchy; they are inciters to riot and sedition. Probably Mr. Churchill's magnanimous act in relinquishing the use of Ulster Hall will save bloodshed. But in any case they ought to be held to account. They must not be permitted to escape because they lack the courage or the indiscretion to take a personal part in the violence which they strive to provoke. We trust that the Government will see to it that the Privy Council is no longer stained by being associated with the names of Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson. Meanwhile, any weakening of the authorities in securing for the minority in Belfast their civil right of meeting is impossible. To prohibit or to connive at the prohibition of the meeting on the

ground that by the illegal violence of persons other than those taking part in the meeting it will lead to a breach of the peace, would be a victory, not for the opponents of Home Rule, but for the cause of anarchy. Its direct and inevitable consequence would be to evoke reprisals all over the country, and to bring into contempt the law of the land. We may concede the wisdom of saving Lord Londonderry's dupes from Lord Londonderry. But it is of importance that Mr. Churchill should speak in Belfast on February 8th, and that the minimum force necessary to secure a peaceful meeting should be employed. The Belfast rebels must be taught a better meaning to loyalty than that which they profess. It will save trouble later on.

COMBINES AND THE PUBLIC.

We do not know whether the proposed combination of the "Tubes" and the London General Omnibus Company is likely to succeed as a commercial arrangement, but we do know that, if so, the public will have a word to say about it. The Tubes were sanctioned by Parliament as a competing method of traffic, an alternative to the surface routes. One of the benefits which they have conferred on the public is to have lowered the bus fares along the same lines, and the public will not lightly acquiesce in any arrangement which would tend to monopoly. It is true that in theory nothing prevents the running of competitive buses along the same route, but if a combine is sufficiently powerful and extensive, it can in practice, freeze out competitors, or compel them, as an alternative to ruin, to let themselves be absorbed. The public is then at the mercy of a private monopoly. Nor is a reservation of ultimate municipal rights of purchase an effective counterpoise. It removes the motive to improvement and sustained efficiency, and the last years of the terminable lease of a monopoly are apt to be dismal for the public which is compelled to use it.

Nor, again, is legal control, in the shape of maximum fares, for example, an adequate means of ensuring an all-round excellence of service. There are, in short, only two alternatives. One is genuinely free competition, and the other is municipal ownership. Free competition in municipal transit is in point of fact difficult, almost to the point of impossibility, to secure. The number of routes and the space available along any given route are limited, and though the tubes, trams, and motor-buses do at present provide a certain measure of competition, it is not in all cases that full and free competition which secures the highest attainable measure of efficiency. The motor-bus and the tram compete effectively with the tube for short distances, but for longer ones the tube retains a virtual monopoly. Moreover, to be brought to the maximum of efficiency, the traffic of London, like that of any other great city, needs to be organised on a comprehensive plan. London has, indeed, too extended a centre to admit of the comparatively simple organisation which has brought the tramway traffic nearly to perfection in Liverpool and Manchester. But all the more does the entirety of its transit system need thinking out as a whole. The various parts played by the surface railway, the tubes, the trams, and the motor-bus, need complicated and systematic adjustment to one

another, and this adjustment, which is but roughly forced on competing companies here and there, can be effectively secured only by a central control. The same control is required for the better supervision of private traffic in the streets which has been made urgent by the development of motor traction, and which is still lagging far behind the need for it. But such control could not be safely placed in any private hands. It remains, and we must ultimately look forward to a general control of public transit by the County Council. Any dispositions sanctioned in the future should have this ultimate destiny of the control of transit in view.

The question of the public *versus* the private management of municipal services has passed out of its heroic into its business stage. At one point of time it was regarded as the battle-ground between Socialism and Individualism. It was contended on the one side that a public service is almost inevitably inefficient and corrupt; on the other, that each step towards municipalisation was an advance towards the social ideal of industry managed by the community in the interests of the community, and a means of escape from the burden of competitive commercialism. Neither view would now be pushed to extremes. Municipal services may be very good, and do not necessarily involve any corruption. Even in London, where the general standard of efficiency is not what it is in the North, the County Council has given us a very good tramway service, and the traveller is not conscious of any improvement in regularity, speed, or comfort, when he passes to a car of one of the monopoly companies in the suburban area. Few would deny that urban life has, on the whole, greatly improved through the development of municipal enterprise during the past quarter of a century.

On the other hand, there is some slackening of the enthusiasm which urged municipalisation as a stage in practical Socialism. Municipalisation, so far, has only touched the fringe of the industrial problem. Labor conditions in the municipal industry are virtually governed by the standard of the immensely greater mass of private industry. If the public conscience keeps the standard of wages and hours above the level of sweating, it has hardly raised it above the highest level recognised by private employers. And if municipal services provide regular employment, that lies more in the nature of the services, catering as they do for a constant demand of very uniform character, than in the fact of public control. Beyond this, the question arises whether municipalisation can advance far beyond its present limits. Transit, lighting, water, are objects of general demand, and can be supplied by a public body in the confidence that much the same thing is required by the great majority of inhabitants. We may witness an extension in fresh directions where there is a similar uniformity—milk supply, for example, and possibly some of the food supplies. There are in all these cases tangible advantages in public management. Quality can be maintained as against the pressure of cheapness, which tends to sacrifice soundness. Production can be regularised and intermittance of employment mitigated or avoided. Labor conditions may be improved, and profits may be drawn into the public

coffers instead of going to enrich the private firm at the expense of the general mass of consumers.

All this can be done under one condition—that management by a public body is not less efficient than management by a private firm. Now, experience seems to show so far that their efficiency can be secured when the problem is mainly that of organising the routine administration of a tolerably uniform, though it may be a very complicated and widely ramifying, service. That which can be done by a well-ordered officer may be done even by a municipal body. Where it is a question of enterprise and originality of the brain fertile in new devices and new ways of attracting the public, private speculation retains its advantages. But public enterprise might be improved if there were better machinery for voicing the desires and the complaints of individuals. It is partly for this reason that municipal services are more considerately conducted than those of the State. The conduct of the local services, the gas, the electric light, the tramways, is prominent among the subjects on which municipal elections turn. If they go very wrong, the councillors will soon hear of it. Who ever heard of a General Election turning on a Post Office question, or where are such questions ever raised, except in the matter of labor conditions, where the Postmen's Union is strong? Though the Post Office may be in theory the servant of the community, the individual member of the community is in fact as powerless against it as if it were a completely independent private firm, and we doubt whether the most monopolistic of monopolies would meet the applicant for a telephone with that bland indifference to time with which the Post Office encounters any demand for the extension of its business to a new customer. Public control in these cases is too apt to degenerate into a form of words. If we are going to extend the national as distinct from the municipal organisation of industry—and there are certain spheres in which on several grounds such an extension might be forcibly urged—what we need is a more real and effective organ to secure consideration for the industry, the locality, and, above all, for the simple private citizen. Parliament, as things are now, is no effective instrument for these purposes. Devolution will bring it nearer to the life of the ordinary citizen. But the national organisation of industry in any direction will probably require the voluntary organisation of its customers to keep it up to the mark. At any rate, it is the sense of the immovable indifference of the official mind that operates with the private citizen as the main check to enthusiasm for an expansion of national industries, from which in other respects important advantages might be gained.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE WELSH ESTABLISHMENT.

No fact is more surprising than the degree of sympathy which the established Church in Wales excites among persons affecting Liberal principles. Judged by any reasonable test, it is an almost unredeemed failure. After a long campaign of extension and proselytism, its communicants in a population of over two millions are

under two hundred thousand. And this percentage implies a failure far deeper than it would imply in a country like England, where, since the Reformation, a considerable proportion of the people have never taken Church ordinances very seriously. In rural Wales, at least, the peasant feels it his duty to be a Church member. Wales, if we except the Anglicised portions, is religious in the sense in which Brittany and the Tyrol are religious countries. Let those High Churchmen who extol the Welsh establishment contrast the crowd in a Breton Church at a Mass with the meagre attendance at a Welsh Church Communion service in some country parish in Anglesey or Merioneth. To compare the scenes is to realise that, whatever be its shortcomings, Breton Catholicism is a peasant religion, and that the Welsh establishment is repudiated in Wales even on the old-world countryside.

Take another test. The Welsh establishment cannot even plead that it is an interesting historical survival of the Cymric past. Consider first its Cathedrals. If the Church be, as it claims, the ancient Church of St. David and St. Teilo, it is in its Cathedral aisles that the Welsh language should be heard and that Welsh music should find its greatest school. The fact is that all the ordinary Cathedral services in which the Deans and Canons of the Welsh Cathedrals take part are conducted in the English tongue. Indeed, two out of the four Welsh Deans are Englishmen, unacquainted with the Welsh language. A great Welsh Churchman, Dean Edwards, of Bangor, a brother to the Bishop of St. Asaph, once summed up in bitter words the position of the Cathedral in the ecclesiastical economy of Wales. "To the Welsh the Cathedral city became a fortress, garrisoned by men who despised everything Welsh except Welsh endowments; the Cathedral itself, a consecrated ice house, in which Welsh hearts were chilled to find strangers wearing Welsh dignities in person, doing Welsh duties by deputy." Let the English Liberal Churchman ask himself what his feelings would be to the Church of England if the ordinary services at the Abbey and St. Paul's were held in French, and if the Deans of these two foundations were Frenchmen, ignorant of the English language. He would immediately, we feel sure, agree that the preservation of such a Church as the official exponent of English religion was an absurdity. Or turn to the Parish Churches. It is true that in Welsh-speaking districts Welsh services are held; but in some parishes this may only mean that something in Welsh is rushed off between 10 and 11 a.m. as a prelude to the more elaborate English morning service which the Squire and his friends attend. If the Vicar is sufficiently energetic to have anything in the way of Saint's Day services, he will generally use the English Book. The Welsh Prayer Book is not the Office Book of the established Church in Wales.

Nor is the Welsh establishment an intellectual or a progressive influence. Among the Welsh parsons you may occasionally meet a Welsh scholar or a bard. But Welsh scholarship is no passport to a canonry. Lampeter, the great theological seminary of the Principality, has generally been under English influences, and its apparent aim is to turn out moderate

Churchmen of the most colorless kind. A Christian Socialist, a Liberal theologian, or even a Radical Ritualist may almost be sought in vain among its sons. In the land of Revivalism, the Welsh cleric is, as a religious teacher, singularly tame and insipid. The rise of Welsh Nonconformity in the eighteenth century was the visible sign that the Welsh people had repudiated the establishment.

On all Liberal principles, there is less than nothing to be said for the retention of the Anglican Church in Wales as a State establishment. And this fact is recognised by the group of Liberal Churchmen and Nonconformists who have met around a table to discuss terms of compromise. But these gentlemen are arguing as though the question of Disendowment was one on which the Anglican Communion had a right to impose a veto. The contention, in the mouths of Protestants, is ridiculous. It is the theory of the Jesuits of the counter-Reformation, and if it were accepted by States, it would make the dissolution of a monastery in any country impossible without the consent of the Pope. These gentlemen are six hundred years behind the time. The right of the State to deal with the property of Church Corporations was settled by Edward the First and Philip the Fair. The argument becomes still less tenable when we remember that the bulk of Welsh ecclesiastical endowments is derived from the Tithe rent-charge, which is nothing more or less than a tax imposed by the Legislature on the produce or rent of land under the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836 and the Tithe Act of 1891. The ancient history of the Tithe prior to 1836 is no concern of ours, save only to say that the right of the parochial clergy to take it was given to them by the Canon Law of the Catholic Church, and subsequently rested on the common and statute law of the realm. The Tithe did not arise from the bounty of private individuals. Anyway, in 1836, a charge was placed by the Legislature on the produce of the soil of Wales for the benefit of the clergy as State officials, and when these clergy cease to be State officials, Parliament would be entirely justified in remitting the impost. To abolish the charge would be to put money into the pockets of the landowners, and the State will, therefore, for the future retain the tax; but will, through the local authorities, apply it to social instead of denominational objects. In regard to the remaining endowments, the question is more complicated. The Bill of 1909 guaranteed to the Disestablished Body the Cathedrals, Parish Churches, mission rooms, and parsonages, and the endowments given by private benefactors from 1662.

The concession of the fabrics is justifiable on grounds alike of policy and of sentiment. Nothing threw back Disestablishment more than the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Radical Programme of 1885 for their nationalisation. We can understand the feelings of those Nonconformists who claim that the Cathedrals should be held by the State for the common use of all denominations; but, to speak frankly, the question in Wales is not worth a fight, and it must also be remembered that Llandaff and St David's have been restored from ruins by the voluntary contributions of Church-

men. *De minimis non.* But this Bill might well contain a provision to make ecclesiastical holdings of historic interest, passing to the Disestablished body under this Act, inalienable without the sanction of the State.

Turning to the question of endowments, the date 1662 is a reasonable point to fix as the time limit beyond which the Established Church has no moral claim to the revenue derived from private sources which it now enjoys. The year 1662 marked alike the establishment of the present Prayer Book and the exclusion of the Nonconformists from the pale of the Church. To assume that the pious donors of medieval days desired to benefit the Church as by law established, is to assume an historic impossibility. The vast majority of them could never have even conceived the idea of a national church established by law. The Disestablished Body will be found to get under the Bill everything that it can properly claim. But the last word has not been said, and there is reason to suppose that if the Church authorities are reasonable, the Government and the Welsh Members may, as Mr. McKenna's temperate speech indicates, err on the side of generosity. Whether some portions of these ancient endowments should be granted to other religious bodies is a matter also worthy of consideration. The proposals for compensation to the beneficed clergy will, we believe, be fair to the point of open-handedness, though the possible absence of any solatium to curates would seem a little hard. Some small allowance might well be given to these gentlemen; but there should be no opportunity offered for a renewal of the manufacture of curates that marked the passage of Irish Disestablishment.

The case for Welsh Disestablishment is, on Liberal principles, unanswerable. The Church has no claim to a shilling more than it gets under the Bill of 1909. If it desires generous treatment, it must agree with the Government quickly.

THE TASK OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

THE fortunes of all Governments depend to a large degree on the character of their chief, and on his relationship, first to his colleagues, and then to the forces and tendencies from which they draw their strength. In Conservative Ministries the first relationship is usually the more important, in Liberal Ministries the second. But no Prime Minister, be he Liberal or Conservative, could gain entrance to a thoroughly unsympathetic Cabinet, or remain at its head. Sir William Harcourt could not have commanded such a Cabinet in 1894, nor Lord Rosebery in 1905. On the other hand, it was the Liberal Party which called for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as its commander in the latter year, on much the same ground of service and personal attachment on which it demanded Gladstone in 1880. Mr. Balfour may fairly be said to have united the two powers, the inner and the outer, when he succeeded Lord Salisbury; his weakness arose from the greater political genius of Mr. Chamberlain, which caught the party imagination, then dominated the party mind, and even in its decline drove the titular leader into retirement.

The personal problem which confronted Liberal-

ism on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death was a simple one. Its policy was determined for it. All that it needed was an efficient instrument for destroying the pretensions of the Lords. Mr. Asquith was obviously that instrument. His unrivalled gift for stating a Constitutional and Parliamentary case was equally known to the country and to the statesmen who surrounded him. His temper was placable and tolerant; he had been a singularly loyal lieutenant to "C.B.," and he showed his sense of what was due both to Radicalism and to the Gladstonian tradition by raising Mr. Lloyd George to the Chancellorship. The older followers of that tradition did not contest his primacy in the active leadership of the party, and, in spite of the estrangement of the Boer War, it is safe to say that the mantle descended on him with the entire good-will of his predecessor. His own position called for only slight modification. He was a Liberal of the Right Centre; he thought it wise to incline to the Left, doubtless knowing that while his closer personal associates in the Government were men of the Right, the party on the whole was Radical. Nor was he personally unsympathetic to an advanced social policy. He accepted Mr. George's Budget in a widely different spirit from that with which Lord Rosebery greeted Sir William Harcourt's, and it is justice to say that without the Prime Minister's firm co-operation it might never have passed the Cabinet. And in his general conduct of affairs Mr. Asquith has given generous scope, not merely to the rising talents in his Government, but to the spirit of reform which created and governed their activities.

The Prime Minister has, therefore, rightly interpreted his task to be the rescue of British democracy from the House of Lords, and the conduct of a Liberal Government in the spirit and temper of a Coalition resting on Irish Nationalism and British Labor. The forces thus marshalled represent nothing essentially new in British politics. All heads of Cabinets are necessarily Moderators. Gladstone, often and incorrectly described as a despot, was compelled to act throughout his second Ministry as the arbiter between Radicalism and Whiggery, and Lord Morley's "Life" bears abundant witness to his patient and sedulous diplomacy. He described his *rôle* to Lord Hartington in 1885 as that of enabling "all Liberals" to "hold together with credit and good conscience." He saw that Radicalism, however "rampant and ambitious," held the key of the future. "Tory democracy" and "the gradual disintegration of the Liberal aristocracy" had made it inevitable. No sooner had the Irish question been temporarily moved out of the way, than this democratic movement resumed its march.

Mr. Asquith's contribution to it has been rather intellectual than moral. His early stamp was that of a Moderate. As Home Secretary in the Government of 1892, his aim had been to extend the scope of the State's supervision of factories, and his tone was generally favorable to the then rising cause of social reform. But in the period of Opposition he had been drawn into the Imperialist reaction. In Lord Rosebery's hands this meant a deliberate anti-Radical and

subversive tendency. Mr. Asquith's good sense recoiled from so flighty and ill-conceived an adventure, and the new Ministry of 1905 saw him restored to the "main current" of Liberal ideas. For the first year of "C.-B.'s" Administration his step was a little faltering. He showed a lawyer's hesitation over the problem of releasing Trade Unionism from the net woven for it by Judge-made law. But with his assumption of full responsibility for Liberal policy he let nothing interfere with his conception of the duty of the head of a Liberal Government. All Ministries exist on compromise. Mr. Asquith took his own line of accommodation. He divided the forces and the offices with much fairness. On armaments and foreign policy, he leaned to the more Imperialist wing. On social and economic questions, he allowed full play to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to the linked policy of constructive reform in taxation and in industrial legislation. The result of the latter course is to confirm the hopes of those who thought that Mr. Asquith's leadership would keep the party at once intact and progressive. The legislative pace has been at least as fast as the country desired. The immediate practical programme of the Labor Party has, year after year, been straightened out and woven into law, and the great national and political object of giving the work-people and their chosen statesmen a visible share in the government of the country, in a period when they were neither willing nor able to assume full and direct responsibility for it, has been steadily held in view. The Cabinet has been kept in good temper, and the party, on the whole, in good heart.

These are considerable achievements, the full benefit of which will be realised in the inevitable hour of reaction, of the temporary dispersal of the great majority of 1906. Mr. Asquith is usually spoken of in the rather disrespectful phrases which in this country attest the popular indifference to a well-trained intellect. But the maintenance of Liberal and Ministerial unity called for qualities of no mean order. Loyalty is the first and the last word in successful chieftainship, save when genius invents and breaks its own rules. And loyalty is Mr. Asquith's distinguishing mark as a Prime Minister. Untainted by the twin vices of vanity and jealousy which feed on public men, he is singularly free from their besetting foible, the love of notoriety. He treads the Parliamentary stage, where he knows that he cannot meet his master, leaving to the Chancellor and Mr. Churchill the wide area of persuasion, agitation, the mustering and direction of popular forces, the maintenance of the old fire in Liberalism, while he shares with them and with others the sharp, improvised diplomacy with new and menacing forces or industrial combatants which has become part of the common round of modern statesmanship. This is Government by duumvirate, if you will; but it is better than the disruption of 1886.

Mr. Asquith's primacy may be called a little soulless, and certainly it lacks the genial stamp of comradeship which "C.-B." managed to throw into his shrewd, and at times masterful, handling of his party. But his successor is, on the whole,

the more easy-going Prime Minister of the two. Reserved manners, and a form of speech reduced by rigid economy to a kind of massive short-hand, disguise a singularly unexacting temper. A touch of Gladstone's impassioned energy, a dash of the hot gospeller in his blood, would give the Prime Minister a firmer hold on party destinies than he now possesses. But with him good nature is not so much a tactical resource as a habit of character, and, here and there, it has led to a certain looseness of hold on rather vital problems of management. Too many promises have been given; their precise fulfilment, in the letter and sometimes the spirit of the original pledge, has not always been easy. Mr. Asquith's remarkable powers of work yield him quick mastery over the appalling details of his business; his mind, apt at the lawyer's survey of other men's labors, makes a fine critical medium. But a great manager of men finds the centre of his authority in the power to say "No" and "Yes" at the right moment. A politician's negatives and affirmatives are usually qualified; Gladstone's nearly always were. But with him expediency was the servant rather than the master of the governing will. Mr. Asquith has not always suggested to friendly critics that larger kind of intellectual resource which yokes the device of the hour to long views of policy and broad conceptions of national honor and interest.

So much, indeed, in modern politics is mere management that the Head Centre of the huge machinery may well be forgiven if he sees little else. But the government of a great party, in descending from one chief to another, carries with it a moral heritage. The formal creed of Liberalism alters; not so its spirit. To what extent has Mr. Asquith been its interpreter? The Balliol of his day was, in Jowett's hands, designed and formed to train just such a talent as his, just such an adaptable and serviceable intellect, just such a career as that which moved, with scarcely a check, to its glittering crown. But not one character in a million could take the impress, first of Balliol, and then of the Bar and of "society," without losing sharpness and firmness of outline. Liberalism and Socialism are the creeds of the mass of homely people, of intellectuals, sometimes of disillusioned or conscience-bound wealth, never of society. In particular, the development of more rational and high-minded conceptions of foreign policy will never come from the classes that, through all the changes of a century of "progress," retain diplomacy as their special preserve. But let the problems of Empire and the material divisions of the world alter as they may, there is a real continuity in Liberal views of foreign, no less than of domestic, policy. You cannot make names such as Canning and Gladstone otherwise than glorious in Liberal ears; or Castlereagh and Metternich otherwise than odious. Yet to which of these two traditions does the foreign policy of England more appeal? The benches which rang with applause of Canning's apology for throwing his country's shield over the cause of freedom in the Old World and the New were Liberal, not Tory, benches; and Liberalism, be it old or

be it new, is ill-schooled in the arts which condone and assist the assassination of a people. The Prime Minister cannot expect to be followed on foreign policy as he was followed through his prudent and firm handling of the constitutional struggle. The issue is an especially hard one for him, for a close personal friendship intervenes, and it is the weakness of the State-Liberals, if I may so call them, to think less of liberty than of State-power. But he must feel that the old shrewd, instinctive caution of the British peoples, and their never-forgotten hatred of tyrannous craft, are enlisted on the side of Persia, and against an association which no Foreign Minister, Liberal or Tory, could have forwarded since the death of Castlereagh. Here is a breach which, though for the moment it is moral rather than material, constitutes as close a hurt to the fabric of progressive opinion in the four countries as it could well sustain.

The Prime Minister's second dilemma is far less serious, and it is one from which his own consistent policy and the political sense of the country should find an exit. For the second time in the history of the last hundred years a question of the first importance has been lifted out of the party system and remitted to the representative body. Catholic Emancipation, like woman suffrage, divided the King's Government. In 1812, Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, was compelled to make it an open question, and to allow his personal opposition to lie in the balance against the support of his most powerful colleague, then the leader of the House of Commons. Later on, Canning and Castlereagh joined hands in fighting the battle of relief, while remaining the strongest members of a Government acutely divided on the question. It was waged for many years with varying fortune, but never, until the last stage was reached, with the formal assistance of the chiefs of the party which eventually passed it. It would be harder to imagine a nearer parallel with woman suffrage. Mr. Asquith may or may not have had the Liverpool precedent in mind. But he has followed it with some closeness. Since 1908 he has given the House of Commons a free hand. Now he has slightly enlarged its liberties so as to make himself the formal executant of its final will. This is not an abdication of power; it is rather a proper and constitutional recognition of the fact that the Executive is the child and not the parent of Parliament, and that within the bosom of that ancient body resides a never-abandoned power of initiative and effective action. It is true that Mr. Asquith has put on record his conviction that woman suffrage would be a "disastrous" change. A hundred such extracts could be culled from the Protectionist speeches of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. In a democratic country and age, responsible statesmanship is not usually called upon to give final political judgments. Its task is to accept the will of the representative power, and to give form and stability to its general ideas. This, in fact, is Mr. Asquith's conception of politics, and in that task the bias and training of a critical and orderly, rather than a highly originalative, mind have found their occupation and reward.

H. W. M.

Life and Letters.

IS THERE AN AMERICAN TYPE?

TAKING into consideration the vast size of territory which forms the United States, the wide divergences of soil and climate, the natural barriers which separate the East from the Middle-West, and the latter from the new Pacific settlements, the differences of stock, culture, and history between the North and South, the large measure of self-government surviving in the separate States, one might expect to discover many types of Americans, with little but the acceptance of a common language and central government to give them unity. And this undoubtedly is the impression made upon most travellers in the country, an impression which appears to be corroborated by the hesitancy which most Americans themselves evince to assert with confidence that they have attained the complete form of a nationality. For nationality implies a good deal more than the sentiment and fact of political union, even fortified by common language. Had railroads, or some equally easy and rapid transport never been invented, it is difficult to perceive how Americans could in so brief a time have achieved any strong degree of nationality. For in discussing the fascinating theme to which Mr. Maurice Low returns in this second volume of his important work "*The American People*" (Unwin), the question of an American race and nationality, we must frankly demur to his assumption that this question admits of any answer so positive as that which he gives. Race and nationality run in matters of degree, and the more proper setting of the question is, "How far is there a single type or race or nationality in the United States?"

Thus qualified, the thesis to the establishment of which Mr. Low directs his minute study of America will obtain wide acceptance. That thesis may be briefly stated in the following terms. Though several European peoples competed in the early settlement of the Eastern section of the country, the British stock and influence proved so dominant that no traces of either Dutch or French remain upon the language, habits, or institutions of America. Among the British settlers the Puritans of New England, with their vigorous character and principles, stamped themselves so forcibly upon the politics and ethics of Colonial life as to make the moulds to which all the differing characters and practices of the other colonists and later immigrants must conform. This Puritan spirit of fierce, narrow, obstinate individualism in religion became transmuted by the physical and political struggles of the new country into that passion for economic and political freedom which inspired the Yankee trader to his pertinacious labors in the revolution and the making of a Constitution. "It was the Puritan who created Democracy. It was in the Puritan Commonwealth that liberty to resist oppression was born. Narrow, harsh, intolerant, bigoted, these Puritans were, but despite the qualities that have given them such an odious name, it was their teachings and their influence that made their Democracy a reality." Though strong sectionalism has persisted in America—strong enough at one time to threaten the wreckage of the Commonwealth—the passionate sentiment of freedom has thriven equally in South as in North. This nascent nationality, based upon freedom, Mr. Low finds vigorous, even in the Colonial days. But not until it found clear and eloquent expression in the fact and form of the Constitution did its full significance emerge. It is often complained that America is lacking in the creative faculty, that in literature, the fine arts, science, and philosophy, her contributions are slight and wanting in distinction. The usual answer, that the early activities of such a people must of necessity be absorbed in building the foundations of material and civil order, leaving little energy for culture and accomplishments of a higher type, will not seem satisfactory to those who judge the current life of business and politics with too narrow a vision. But to Mr. Low the American Constitution, with all it stands for in the spirit of the people,

is an ample vindication of the great American experiment. "The American Constitution changed the whole thought of mankind; it affected all the world; it introduced a new system of political philosophy; it gave to man, the individual, a dignity which he had not before possessed; it recreated the relations between the individual and society; humanity stands forth in more grandeur and power."

Those who smile at this "Fourth of July rhetoric," as it may seem, will be less contemptuous when they have read the profound and widely informed argument by which this claim is sustained. Each clause in his panegyric can easily be cavilled at by those who love to employ their ingenuity and display their erudition in condemning every claim of novelty. But it will remain true, as Mr. Low maintains, that the political and social institutions of America, which draw their life from the spirit of the Constitution, are the greatest achievement in the difficult art of human liberty that the world has yet seen. It is possible to puncture such a generalisation by facile darts of criticism directed against the failure of American government in some ways even to secure the simplest and most elementary of the rights of man, "the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," which stand in the forefront of the political guarantee. No nation, indeed, is more obnoxious to an indictment framed upon an accumulation of detailed defects, many of them exceedingly flagrant in character. The statistics of lynching and of unpunished homicide, the wars of capital and labor, the tyrannies of railroads, trusts, and "bosses," the corruption in State and Municipal politics, can be used for a formidable broadside. But when all is said about American lawlessness—and Mr. Low has an extremely acute and interesting chapter on this subject—the main stability of his position remains unshaken. The British influx of seventeenth-century settlers moulded institutions of political liberty and religious toleration which have been extended over the whole growing Republic, and have been modified by the environment and the changing views of the times, but have never lost or greatly abated their original character.

Into these moulds have been poured the great streams of immigration which have set in with increasing rapidity, and from a larger number of sources. Irish and Germans, followed by Italians, Scandinavians, Jews, Luthanians, and an increasing medley of mid-European peoples, have formed successive layers of new Americans. It is the most patent marvel of America that these new, diverse, crude human materials should have been so swiftly swallowed up and digested. Are they actually assimilated, and, if they are, do they not exercise a modifying and perhaps a damaging influence upon the stock and the spirit of America? Perhaps the most surprising part of Mr. Low's argument is his refutation of these suspicions. These floods of mixed immigrants, coming in at a rate of over a million a year, do not, he argues, even modify the physical and psychological character of the American people. They simply conform to the dominant conditions, natural and social, of the new country in which they find themselves. Many readers will hold that the evidence adduced to support what seems *prima facie* an extreme position does not suffice. Biologists will probably disagree as to the adequacy of the evidence Professor Boas has adduced to prove that "children born even a few years after the arrival of the immigrant parents in America, develop in such a way that they differ in type, essentially, from their foreign-born parents. It seems that every part of the body is influenced in this way, and even the form of the head, which has always been considered as one of the most permanently hereditary features, undergoes considerable change." That climate, food, and other changes of environment will have a due effect upon the physical type is unquestionable, but that they should operate so rapidly is a proposition requiring more supporting evidence. Indeed, if it proves correct that physical environment is so strong a primitive influence, we should expect to find a number

of fairly differentiated American physical types corresponding to the wide diversity of environments, and these physical types might be expected to have psychical characters of a corresponding diversity. This argument, indeed, appears to contravene the more general contention that Americans persistently converge towards a single type.

Mr. Low appears to us to occupy more solid ground in his stress upon the formative and compelling power of the social environment, that structure of language, customs, laws, and other institutions, in which the immigrants find themselves constrained to live. Everything conspires to bring them into conformity with this social environment, the completeness of their breach with the country they have left, their obvious interest and desire to become "good Americans," the permeating power of education, and the socialising influences of industrial and city life, with its omnipresent spirit of organisation. The persistent pressure of these social forms and forces, operating on human material which is not refractory but plastic and consenting, works America's will upon them with remarkable celerity, stamping upon them all the American "social type." What that type is, Mr. Bryce has told us in some of the most illuminating chapters of his "American Commonwealth," and while Mr. Low has much that is profoundly interesting to say upon this theme, he does not differ much from his predecessor. Both agree in the primary distinction they draw between the superficial restlessness, volatility, and love of novelty which all sorts of Americans betray, and a certain deep, strong anchorage of conservatism which is part of the inherited character of their Puritan founders.

THE SOUL OF THE IRISH.

THE better you know a people, the less you will generalise about them. That is quite true; it is the first rule of travel and international relations. No single member of any country ever seems in the least like the accepted caricature that represents his race. But still we are driven to form some sort of general idea of other nations. We have not time to particularise or analyse very deeply. We want a symbol, a short-hand note, something that will call up the characteristics fairly well for the moment before we pass on. And so, when we hear of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and the rest, we rapidly form a composite picture, made up of all manner of dim memories and reports, to be used as a counter for the moment. It is true, the picture is not the same for all minds. The word "German," for instance, calls up one figure for a gentle philosopher, another for a shy musician, and quite a different one for the statesmen and editors who dread nought. But even statesmen and editors are obliged to generalise, like the rest of us, for otherwise they could never get through the amount of thinking they have to do.

And now that we are all brought up sharp against Ireland again, as we have been at brief intervals during eight centuries, we shall be driven to decide what general picture the words "Irish" and "Irishman" suggest. The answer is more than usually difficult; it depends so much on the knowledge, and still more on the temperament of each. Our Irish guides to knowledge also contradict each other so eloquently. One imaginary portrait we have, happily, obliterated for ever. The comic Irishman, with battered hat, breeches, swallow-tail coat, and knobstick, has gone. Silly, warm-hearted, honest, funny, just the man to rescue the innocent heroine in extremes—even Drury Lane knows him no more. If he ever existed, the famine killed him sixty-six years ago, and all the galleries of melodrama are left lamenting. Till the beginning of this century one was kept by the hotel-keepers near Killarney, just as a chamois is kept in the Schweizerhof; and it was a fine thing he made of it, firing appropriate remarks at the British tourists. But now he enjoys the Old Age Pension, and regards the English visitor much as a retired brigand regards the passing caravan. That generalisation is wiped out, thank Heaven! and with it has gone the

shrewish, slatternly, draggle-tailed, shrill-tongued female who did duty for Ireland next, though that was the only duty she ever did. She flourished in her pigsty about the time when English self-righteousness flourished in its shop, factory, and chapel—about the time when statesmen and historians beslobbered the Anglo-Saxon with wonder, and we could only account for our super-eminence on earth by tracing our descent from the Lost Ten Tribes of the Chosen People.

Matthew Arnold killed our self-righteousness. His "Wragg is in custody" settled it. And then he went on to clear away that dirty libel against the Irish race. To him more than to anyone England owes her next imaginary portrait of that eternal "Sister Isle." For us he created the Celt, and admiration, still mingled with a satisfactory sense of our practical superiority, grew from year to year. Let us recall the familiar words in which he sketched the Celtic temperament:—

"Sentiment," he said, "is the word which marks where the Celtic races touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterised by a single term, is the best term to take. An organisation quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. . . . The expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a proud look and a high stomach, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by these words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental. Sentimental—'always ready to react against the despotism of fact'; that is the description a great friend of the Celt (M. Henri Martin) gives of him; and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success."

The history of that word "sentimental" is of great interest, so closely does it reflect the changes in our national thought and politics. Since Matthew Arnold's time it has degenerated. For fifteen years past, Imperialists and Mr. Kipling's disciples (the truest sentimentalists) have used it in scorn for any emotion or sense of justice, honor, pity, mercy, and common humanity that would not add to British possessions or cadge sixpence for the private pocket. It has become their constant epithet for unlucreative justice, and when we hear it now we may be certain that the man who uses it is about to recommend or perpetrate some peculiarly dastardly act of mingled violence, cowardice, and greed. But if we return to Matthew Arnold's meaning of the word, we may find in his application of it the origin of the almost passionate admiration with which the Irish nature, and especially the Irish art, were regarded among us after his death. A week or two ago, we noticed how, under this new conception of Ireland, her spiritual attraction became irresistible to such natures as Lionel Johnson's, himself no more a Celt than the rest of us Englishmen; though, happily, that is much. We said that, in his eyes, the very name of Ireland was surrounded with a glimmering beauty. "The Mother of the Bleeding Heart," "the Mother with the crown of stars around her head," the "Rose of all roses, Rose of all the World," stirred a passion of devotion such as has been given to the Virgin-Mother herself in the times of her persecution. She stood transfigured with the glory of suffering, consecrated by the halo of stupidity's hatred, encompassed by perils from the dulness that would reform her into a serviceable matron, and illuminated by gleams of ancient sacrifice and fresh self-sacrificing worship. The foul treachery of political intrigues, which time after time had dashed her hopes when victory was within reach, only intensified the magic of her charm. There was shed around her the mystic splendor that attends a spiritual and bodily beauty entangled in unhappiness. To the appeal of that beauty, we said, Lionel Johnson surrendered so completely as boldly to declare himself an Irishman; and many people of far lesser powers were tempted to follow him. If others adopt children, why should not they adopt a Mother? But, indeed, their passion was rather that of a lover than of a son. To them, all that

was implied in the name of Ireland became the one hope in a sullen and materialised world—the guiding ray of imagination, spirit, and vital thought. A sudden outburst of Irish lyric, drama, criticism, and scholarship appeared to them, as indeed it was, the most remarkable and almost the only living movement of the day. They caught from an elder poet something of the Irishman's devotion to a Dark Rosaleen, half country, half beloved spirit:—

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel."

Then, suddenly, just as that Celtic glamor of which they talked so much was leading them into obscure and enchanted regions, and they were beginning to learn the right pronunciation of "Sidhe," the clear-eyed satirist came with the abhorred shears and slit their beautiful imaginings. He began by calling the Irishman "fact-facing"—a sharp blow after Matthew Arnold's "reacting against the despotism of fact":—

"Blackguard, bully, drunkard, liar," he went on, "foul-mouth, flatterer, beggar, backbiter, venal functionary, corrupt judge, envious friend, vindictive opponent, unparalleled political traitor: all these your Irishman may easily be, just as he may be a gentleman (a species extinct in England, and nobody a penny the worse); but he is never quite the hysterical, nonsense-crammed, fact-proof, truth-terrified, unballasted sport of all the bogey panics and all the silly enthusiasms that now calls itself 'God's Englishman.'"

And again, in that same "Preface for Politicians," Mr. Shaw wrote:—

"There is no Irish race any more than there is an English race, or a Yankee race. There is an Irish climate, which will stamp an immigrant more deeply and durably in two years, apparently, than the English climate will in two hundred. . . . How can I sketch the broad lines of the contrast as they strike me? Roughly, I should say that the Englishman is wholly at the mercy of his imagination, having no sense of reality to check it. The Irishman, with a far subtler and more fastidious imagination, has one eye always on things as they are."

There followed the famous contrast between the matter-of-fact Irish Wellington and the sentimental English Nelson. Blow fell on blow. The Irish poets themselves turned upon their English worshippers with a laugh of derision. The chief of them tried hard to lead the way out of his own sweet "Celtic twilight" into the common day. Synge took to rolling us all in the mud together, giving us dramas and lyrics about a harsh and business-like people, not only "fact-facing" and keeping one eye on things as they are, but absorbed in rather sordid facts, and keeping both eyes steadily fixed on a competency. It has gone so far that the excellent Irish writer who, perhaps for this very reason, chooses to call himself George Birmingham, cannot publish his "Lighter Side of Irish Life" (Foulis) without assuring us that "nothing is more characteristic of the Irishman to-day than his freedom from illusion and his power of facing facts." "Far-seeing" and "illusion-proof" are the epithets he selects for those who were so lately described as expansive and eager, with head in the air, snuffing and snorting, of an airy and unsubstantial genius, truly sentimental. Reviewing the English misconceptions of the Irish peasant, George Birmingham thus turns his mockery on humble but misguided admiration:—

"The man who was once a murderer by inclination is now a kind of half-Pagan, half-Christian saint, the one witness left in a materialised world to the undying truth of age-worn mysticisms. . . . He is supposed to believe in a thousand gods of earth, air, wind, water, and Mary is the mother of them all."

So another British illusion fades, and the Englishman in his perplexity has to cast about for yet one more generalisation that he may accept for the Irish nature. In this fine collection of Irish manners, customs, and stories, old and new, George Birmingham, no doubt, thinks he has drawn an exact portrait of the real Irish type—hard, unemotional, untouched by sentiment, "fact-facing," and "illusion-proof." But is that the kind of impression we get from his excellent narratives? Not in the very least. Where, then, shall we look for

our new ideal of the Irish type? Perhaps, the next few days or weeks may show us where; but we are rather inclined to think that the real Irishman must be like Cerberus—three men at once.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY JOURNAL.

THE death of Mr. Labouchere removed one of those picturesque and original figures which give from time to time an exotic brilliance to English public affairs. He was the intellectual kinsman of a Clemenceau or a Rochefort, and if his share in the making of events was less than theirs, the reason was that an actor loses something of his power in a cast if he goes through his part in an alien tongue. We once heard a Spanish tenor who insisted on singing the leading rôle in "Don Giovanni" in his own language, while the rest of the company answered him in Italian. The result was bizarre and ineffective, and not unlike the impression which "Labby" in his more brilliant and irresponsible moods used to make when his essentially French genius intervened in our own party affairs. But in one achievement his entire success revealed him in touch with his public and his time. There was nothing exotic or irrelevant about "Truth." It spoke a language which its readers understood, and represented for a while a phase of our social development as no other journal of its type has ever done. Its triumph makes an odd psychological study. Here was a mirror of society and "the world" which steadily reflected its pettiness and its vanity, and none the less compelled society to gaze week by week at a far from flattering presentment. Here was an organ of opinion which persistently expressed a radical and democratic standpoint, and none the less treated the doings of the governing class as the one thing which really counts in England. It hovered ambiguously between the masses and the classes, emphasising the gulf and yet bridging it, exalting the ascendancy of the rich and the well-born, and yet for ever pursuing its policy of detraction. It seemed to be making a social obeisance, and halfway through the gesture recovering itself to assume an attitude of intellectual superiority. It bowed, and took its revenge midway in a sneer. "These be your masters" it seemed to say through a series of pungent and cynical paragraphs; "but, after all, they are your masters."

There was a field for such a journal as this because it answered to the phase of incomplete and reluctant democracy through which the England of its day was passing. In no country has the inner governing class hesitated to reveal itself, but in the past its confessions had been posthumous. From Saint-Simon to Greville its medium of revelation had been the memoir. Its chroniclers wrote, not for their contemporaries, but for posterity. The only contemporaries whom they would have condescended to consider had their own oral sources of information. They gathered their news by rumor and gossip in Court, in clubs, at dinner, and in the press of a thronged political reception. It was for their sons and daughters that the memoir was written. The world which demanded its "Truth" weekly, was a world which secretly resented its own exclusion from the inner circle, and eagerly paid for a sort of vicarious admission. It knew little of what went on inside, but it wished to appear to know. If it could not stalk up the front staircase under the awnings, it did not disdain to take a furtive glimpse through the key-hole at sixpence a peep. It satisfied the relics of its self-respect by a half-sincere assumption of malice and contempt. Knowing itself to be outside, it yet placed itself, by its regular study of the society journal, at once within the charmed circle and above it. It had, after all, a right to know what went on there. Was it not in this great world that careers were made and Cabinets unmade? Here duchesses welcomed the democrat from Birmingham; here the smart set, with its distinguished gamesters, its racing men, and bankers, formed its clique, which had a certain obscure relation to the parties at Court that grouped themselves around the Sovereign and the Heir. The

destinies of the nation were being made behind the screen. The country parson and the rising doctor and the suburban lady in the dentist's waiting-room were performing a civic duty when they stood tip-toe upon a volume of "Truth." Their concern was very far from being frivolous. It was not, indeed, the democratic rage of Mr. Quintus Slide in Trollope's "Phineas Finn." They were far from resenting in any fundamental sense the system which made Ministries in Park Lane drawing-rooms, and mingled gallantry with politics on the Duke of Omnium's lawn. When Quintus Slide in the novel lifted the curtain from this hidden world, he meant, if he could, to destroy it. The society paper, even when it cultivated the piquant eccentricity of a radical bias, had no such motive. But it did aim at a certain police and surveillance. It would hurl a *bon mot* if not a bomb, nor was it ashamed to drop its rapier and wield a bludgeon, when some act of cruelty or elementary injustice fired its indignation.

The ascendancy of this curious type of journalism came to an end many years ago. It was, we suspect, the photograph that heralded its decadence. The mere snobbish curiosity of its less intelligent readers, tired of words, even when they were pointed with malice and wit, so soon as pictures were offered in their stead. "Truth" might still purvey a sparkling anecdote, a witty criticism, or report some clever repartee; but what was this in competition with the actual scene, the very lineaments of the beauty of the ball, and the presentation of great ladies in diamonds and silks? "Truth" went on with its drawing-room plays, but round the corner a cinematograph drew the gaping crowd. First the illustrated weekly, and then the daily, thronged about it, and made a gaudy litter above its printed pages on the dentist's table. One might see this great lady in her jersey on the Alps, and that American heiress dancing in a still lighter attire. The rival sheet would show you a notable financial peer talking to his jockey, or a famous actress "making a book." Insensibly, one suspects, this new trumpet which fame had invented began to modify her tunes. Society, instead of whispering gay things for "Truth's" chronicle took to posing for the camera. If the first ambition of the rising statesman is to be caricatured in "Punch," the first vanity of the social aspirant is now to figure in a photograph in a halfpenny daily. You must have done or said or been something notable or clever, or at least amusingly bad, to earn a paragraph in a society weekly. To-day a new motor-car, or a prize pug, or a fancy-dress costume will win you ephemeral glory in a photographic sheet.

Thus, the mystery of a closed world, scarcely to be penetrated even by the elect diarist of the society weekly, has vanished altogether. The key-hole is superfluous, for the door is wide open, and its secluded inmates are seen posturing eagerly before the artist. The element of criticism is gone. An open-mouthed receptivity has taken its place. There is neither sparkle and malice on the one hand, nor purpose and policy on the other. The society journal, in its turn, has been infected by the prevailing dulness. It tends to become, what it was not in its origins, a literal chronicle and a periodical "Who's Who." The world which it mirrors is no longer worth the intelligent attention of the contemporary writer of memoirs. Its great Whig families have died out. Its Ministers do their serious business at breakfast-time with the respectable and docile successors of Mr. Slide. It has separated its frivolities from its serious concerns, and the Duchess of Omnium, if she were alive to-day, would be presiding at suffrage meetings instead of playing upon her husband's colleagues. The Lady Lauras of Trollope's world, instead of seeking out some promising young man through whose talents they might vicariously impress themselves upon the history of their time, are boldly making history in their own persons. The very frankness and directness of our public life has robbed the gossiping chronicler of his favorite themes. What remains can be left to the camera and the gazette. It is not a very cheerful change; but we are afraid that "Edmund" and "Henry" must bear their share of responsibility for it.

Short Studies.

"F—E—D."

THE hill overlooking the sea is a waste of filthy, torn paper, broken glass, and other abominations. Men and women are sprawling on the grass. The pathways have been mended with cinder-dust, and people, therefore, do not use them but make paths for themselves. A tea-shop is planted on the highest point of the cliff. Shifting a little to the right, I see the town. A galvanised-iron "Palace of Varieties" has been stuck on the shore close to the waves, and a long line of penny-in-the-slot machines and photographic stalls stretches under the esplanade wall. On the pier yesterday three professional music-hall girls were dancing and singing. The eldest, as the song proceeded, began to look vicious, and suddenly her mates broke out into screams of laughter, forced, disgusting—nay, horrible. I knew what it meant, though I could not hear the words.

A hundred yards from the "Varieties," penny-in-the-slot machines, and stalls, is the unstained sea with most delicate tints upon it, continually changing, of light greenish-blue. Violet shadows of the clouds slowly sail over the vast, calm expanse.

I walked back to my lodgings three or four miles away. It was Friday evening, and on Friday evenings there is always a service in the little village church. It has three bells, and they were ringing F—E—D, a soothing sequence. There is no man less accessible to mere sentiment, as it is called, than myself, that is to say, to feeling which has no meaning in it. In my bedroom at these lodgings hung a cheap German picture of a young monk playing an organ. He had a seraphic, upturned face. At his back, in a kind of mist, two winged angels with still more seraphic, still weaker faces, were watching and blessing him. The insincerity of the thing was sickening. Emotion is of no value without reason, that is to say, reason in the highest sense. The ecstasy of adoration, of musical rapture, of wonder at the earth and sky must be reasonable.

Suddenly, as I listened to the F—E—D of the bells, something came to me. It was not hope in the sense that if I have a cold this morning I hope it may be better to-morrow, but is there such a thing precisely, uniformly, as hope? The visitation was certainly not conviction, but it was not a dream. I do not know what it was. F—E—D had brought it to me, but could not have had much to do with it. I should have been ashamed if I acknowledged much indebtedness to that feeble little tinkle. Yet it was strange. As it went on, the greasy paper, broken glass, cinder-dust pathways, sprawling men and women, tea-shop, Palace of Varieties, and the impudent creatures on the pier had disappeared. The sea was the same light greenish-blue with the cloud shadows sailing over it. I began to ask myself whether I was sure that modern tendencies are irreversible; whether the road has no turning which leads to anarchy and defacement of beauty, to millionaires in their parks and deer forests, to Trusts, to purchase of pictures at tens of thousands of pounds apiece, to modern gunnery and bomb-dropping aeroplanes, to wars engineered by finance-mongers, in which millions of people are slaughtered who never had the least grudge against one another. . . . The intellect now is supreme. So long as we know and increase in knowledge we believe we are on the safe, right path appointed by destiny. But possibly what we call the intellect may one day be deposed, and a claimant with a better title to the imperial throne may be discovered. We may come to learn that intellectual exercise by itself is no better than curiosity and that numbering the stars is not a much worthier occupation than inquiry as to the manners and customs of my next-door neighbors, strangers to me. The new authority will say something much more direct than anything said now upon misery, dirt, and ugliness. A bit of filthy paper dropped on a lane, a roadside spring defiled, brutality, lying, immoderate wealth, lack of simplicity, and what are now called politics will be in worse repute than inability to do a long division sum.

The intellect has no divine right of domination. It has assumed its present position because it is so much easier to read, to think, to invent than to attempt self-denial. It is curious, by the way, that invention concerns itself chiefly perhaps with what is useless or injurious. Armor-plating, murderous guns, explosives, considering that all nations take them up, so that relative superiority remains as before, will in the future be adjudged as proof of the absurdity of the human race during the dark ages of "progress."

F—E—D went on, and the sea afar off glittered. How the revolution will come, what it will be when it does come, and what F—E—D and the many-twinkling ocean will have to do with it, is undiscoverable, but certain it is that F—E—D sounded in a very strange way, and the sea looked as if a new heaven and a new earth were on the brink of disclosure. Thank God! The *Verstand* has had its day, and a long day, and it has not brought us very far.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

Present-Day Problems.

SWITCH-POINTS IN HOME RULE.

THERE are certain points in the Home Rule problem where Liberal opinion and Irish opinion appear to diverge at the present moment. If the Home Rule Bill is to keep on the rails, the route must be settled in advance which the Bill shall take at each of these switch-points. It may be easier to pass the Bill by keeping to the Liberal lines at every such point; but, in that case, will the Bill settle the Irish problem?—"facilis descensus Averni; . . . sed revocare gradum." It is too late now to try to relay the track. So the dilemma must be faced, that at each of these switch-points the Liberal locomotive may take a course which the Irish wagon has no object in following. If that happen at too many points, Paddy must step off the train; if, however, the divergence be but small, he may stick on, and reach his destination, after a détour. Of course, Irishmen are not out for a jaunt, they have a destination to reach—they want to get home.

A frank statement of how these points look when inspected from the Irish position may, perhaps, be useful as well as interesting for both parties.

(1) FEDERALISM; OR HOME-RULE-ALL-ROUND.

When Liberals say they want a "federal" solution of the problem, I feel impelled to remind them that we are at Westminster, not at Washington. Federalism means (1) a written constitution, under which (2) the *sovereign power* is parcelled out between Federal and State Bodies, with (3) a Supreme Court to keep each Body strictly inside its appointed limitations. Now, to my thinking, it appears to be a fundamental British axiom that the *sovereign power* in these countries must remain whole and undivided in one supreme Parliament at Westminster. Consequently, in these countries, neither (1), (2), nor (3) can exist. Therefore, this phrase "federal solution," carries no meaning to my thinking: it sounds more like cackle than talk. I am probably wrong; but I am candidly explaining that the phrase is a blank cartridge, throwing no solid bullet of thought into my mind. I understand federal union between Great Britain and Ireland, with definite frontiers; but this is not on offer. I understand a federal union of the Empire, bringing in the self-governing Dominions; but this is not on the horizon. I do not understand Home-Rule-all-round on federal lines. Do Liberals understand it? As an Irishman, I am not opposed to any federal solution on its merits. Provided that it means legislative and administrative self-government for Ireland in purely Irish affairs through Ministers responsible to a Dublin Parliament, then I am for a seat in any train going that way, irrespective of how many other stations that train may proceed to.

(2) IRISH MEMBERS AT WESTMINSTER.

Behind this phrase, "federal solution," I vaguely recognise the idea that Home Rule means separation in purely domestic affairs and union in all Imperial affairs. Now, there ought to be no vagueness here whatever. As an Irishman, I am all for union in Imperial affairs, provided it does mean separation in merely local affairs. Accepting also the fundamental British axiom about the *sovereign power*, I am, therefore, in favor of Irish Members at Westminster, provided this does not mean the active revision by the Westminster Parliament of purely Irish affairs already settled, deliberately and constitutionally, by a Dublin Parliament set up for that express purpose. The proviso is here more important to me than the clause, just because Ireland to me means more than the Empire. I am an Empire man because I am conscious that Irishmen are quite as numerous in Great Britain, in the Dominions, and in the Dependencies as they now are in Ireland itself. Hence I want Irish Members at Westminster, and, of course, an Irish contribution towards Imperial expenditure.

(3) WHAT THE IRISH AT WESTMINSTER SHALL REPRESENT.

Two questions must here go together: (1) How many Irish Representatives shall sit at Westminster? (2) What shall they sit there to represent? On the population basis we are entitled to about sixty-seven Irish Representatives. But I want to see a bargain made at this point. The intolerable absurdity of sixty-seven Irish Members voting on purely English affairs cannot be removed by any "in-and-out" arrangement. But it can be reduced to tolerable proportions: (1) By reducing the numbers by one-half, say, to thirty-four Irish Members; and (2) by mutual good feeling between Ireland and Great Britain (the Irish Members indisposed to exercise their right to vote on purely English questions, and the British Members reluctant to use their right to overrule the work of the Dublin Parliament in purely Irish questions). Now, the constitutional guarantee that Irishmen want at this point is—that the thirty-four Irish Representatives at Westminster shall represent the Dublin Parliament, and shall be nominated by the Dublin Parliament for the duration of each Westminster Parliament, much as the Scottish Peers are now chosen for the House of Lords. I believe that Irishmen will "federate" on those lines—as a single entity, not by constituencies. Their reason is simply that Ireland shall speak constitutionally with one voice, not two, and that this shall be the voice of the Dublin Parliament, whose Acts are liable to review in the Supreme Parliament. Unless that guarantee is given, there is no justification for reducing Irish Members at Westminster below their full quota of sixty-seven, because without it there is no Home Rule, *i.e.*, no separation for local, and union for Imperial, business.

If, in the future, this plan of Imperial Representation were extended by Home-Rule-all-round, the end would see the Westminster Parliament constituted as a Grand Committee of the several local Parliaments for the purpose of there managing the Imperial affairs that are common interests for the whole United Kingdom, and of exercising those functions of supervision which, under a written Constitution, would be the work of a Supreme Court.

But I am only here to explain that Irishmen want representatives at Westminster, provided they there represent the Dublin Parliament. It is the same arrangement as that by which Croatia is represented in the Hungarian Parliament at Buda-Pest under their Home Rule Compromise of 1868. It is the only arrangement that avoids the absurdity of Ireland speaking with two different voices, both constitutionally authoritative. It is the only arrangement which restricts the legislating activity of the Supreme Parliament in Irish affairs to cases in which the work of the Dublin Parliament has required (for constitutional reasons) revision by what is tantamount to a Federal Body. Finally, it is the only arrangement by which an Ireland united to Great Britain for Imperial purposes can develop its own national life in purely Irish matters, and achieve its own internal organic national unity.

(4) CONTROL OF IRISH CUSTOMS.

Two things must be separately considered here: (1) the Customs machinery for recording the quantity and value of all goods imported and exported at Irish ports, (2) the tariff-making power which fixes the rates of taxation called Customs Duties, payable on certain goods only. Now, Irishmen claim the power of "controlling Customs," thinking of the former; whereas Liberals scout this claim, thinking of the latter. Surely this confusion of cross-purposes ought to be cleared up. Since 1824 the cross-Channel trade has been a coasting trade, *i.e.*, no record has been made of the goods leaving and entering Ireland. Such information as is issued daily by the Customs, of goods entering and leaving the port of London, is an economic necessity for the merchants conducting that commerce. A daily record of the commerce at Irish ports is even more necessary for Irishmen, because Ireland is really more dependent on sea-borne supplies even than the population of London. In a hundred ways Irish trading suffers loss of profit through being conducted haphazard and "blindfolded." It is a discovery of recent years, and Irishmen will now be satisfied with nothing short of the control of the machinery to ascertain this vitally necessary information. Englishmen are the buyers when Irishmen are selling, and the buyers fix prices when sellers are working "blindfolded." This machinery for accurately recording the cross-Channel trade is a fiscal as well as a commercial necessity, for without it the "true" revenue from Ireland cannot be ascertained.

(5) THE TARIFF-MAKING POWER.

If Liberals, on principle, want to reserve the tariff-fixing power, that is another matter. There is an overwhelming case for granting Ireland complete fiscal autonomy: as witness the proceedings at the Congress of the Royal Economic Society on January 10th. But if Liberals, on principle, will not even consider that case, the matter is in their power. It is quite easy to insert a clause in the Bill to maintain: (1) absolute free trade between Great Britain and Ireland; (2) similar tariffs against foreign goods imported into either island. Whether an Irish Government should be allowed to collect an internal revenue paid by Irish consumers by varying the duties levied on imports into Ireland, is a complication not here considered for the sake of brevity. But an obligation on each country not to tariff against imports from the other ought to be as binding on Great Britain in point of honor, as it would be binding on Ireland in point of law.

(6) SOME POINTS OF FINANCE.

Want of space precludes me from discussing Home Rule finance. But finance ought to be a subordinate factor at every point of the settlement: that is to say, policy ought to determine finance, not finance policy. For the rest, I may here throw out two suggestions. (1) Extravagant expenditure in Ireland can only be brought under control to the extent that the expenditure is made payable out of revenues that are placed under the control of the Irish Government. (2) An Imperial contribution from Ireland should flow from the surplus yield of direct taxes, such as Income Tax and Death Duties; because these more accurately depend on taxable capacity, growing with growth of prosperity; and because administrative difficulties of great complexity arise unless there is fiscal similarity in regard to these property taxes.

C. H. OLDHAM.

Letters from Abroad.

THE REVOLUTION IN SZECHU'AN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—I wrote to you about three months ago, giving an account of the beginnings of the anti-Government rising in Szechu'an. Since then the movement has

become general, and your readers will doubtless be well-informed as to what has happened in the provinces of China near the coast. Residents in Szechuan had to be content, however, with such news as broken telegraph wires and a disordered mail service allowed. I left Chungking on November 28th, and find that in Shanghai there is as great an ignorance of Szechuan's doings as exists in the Western province of what is going on down here. I send you, therefore, some more notes on the position in West China.

The little steamer, which in September was high and dry on a reef of rocks, has at last, by very clever engineering, been floated again; but, after assisting in transporting Imperial soldiers up beyond Chungking, was idle for some weeks awaiting developments. Now that Chungking has definitely joined the rebels, and the whole river from Chungking to Ichang is Republican, she is running again, and I took advantage of this, her first trip to Ichang since August, to make the down journey.

The course taken by the revolt in Chungking was indicative of the way things have developed in Szechuan. For a long time the merchants have been dissatisfied with things, but, most of them being men with a great deal to lose, they have tried to go carefully, and to keep as far as possible on friendly terms with the officials, hoping that the latter would, in the end, turn quietly over to the Republicans. For weeks it had been known that the city might turn over any day, and the Chamber of Commerce was expected to form the new Government. What was the annoyance of the merchants when, on November 22nd, the students, aided by some two hundred deserted Imperialist soldiers, forced on the crisis and took over the management of the city. The Tao T'ai (or chief official) fled, and the other two, the Prefect and the Magistrate, were forcibly interviewed, and told they must agree to three points: (1) to hand over the seals; (2) to cut off their queues; and (3) to sign on for the new Government. The Prefect refused, but was confronted with a bomb from the pocket of one of the deputation, and eventually surrendered. The Magistrate offered no resistance, and the leader of the deputation was soon to be seen in the street, with one official on each arm queueless and much humiliated. Instantly from every shop in the city, was hung a white flag, which had been in readiness for many days beforehand. The next day numbers of people appeared without queues, and wearing foreign clothes, or at least a foreign cap or hat, and with white rosettes on their breasts or white ribbons tied round their arms. Dealers in foreign garments did a brisk trade. Many were the requests to foreigners to lend suits of clothes, so that patterns might be cut from them.

For a day or two all seemed to go well, but soon signs became apparent that below the surface there was a good deal of rottenness and instability. The merchants, represented by the Chamber of Commerce, did not back up the men at the head of the new Government, and many of them left the city, fearing lest their wealth might be taken and put into the treasury of the Republicans, who were notoriously hard up. The police tried to make trouble, and on two occasions internal dissension led to actual fighting. The combination of students and military was causing trouble. One serious cause of disturbance was the action of a British-born Chinese, named Quincey, who was sub-manager of the Ta Ch'ing Government Bank. The day before the revolution, this man was told by his director to get away, and take with him the keys and paper valuables and documents. He accordingly went across the river and took up his abode with a friend who resides on the premises of, and is connected with, a foreign business firm. When the revolution took place, the rebels made their way to the bank, hoping to find enough money to help them pay their soldiers, but found hardly anything, the bullion having been removed. The director was taken, and he said he had no keys or anything, so Quincey was at once sought for, and when it was discovered that he was hiding on foreign property, some anti-foreign feeling was aroused. Quincey himself said he was quite willing

to give up all he possessed on receipt of the order to do so from the director, who was allied, or pretended to be, with the rebels; but he, Quincey, was not willing to serve the rebels, and was afraid that if they got him into their hands they would compel him to assist them. The British Consul had him conveyed on board H.M.S. "Teal," and this further excited the feeling of the rebels. For a time ugly rumors were afloat; night attacks were to be made on the gunboat, the canteen ashore was to be burnt, and so on. The Consul had previously informed the rebels that he could not receive them, and they had thus no means of stating their side of the case. On several occasions they went to the gunboat, and demanded to see Quincey, but all to no purpose. The Chamber of Commerce eventually managed to quiet things down a little, and some of the insurgents were allowed to talk to Quincey from a small boat. When I left the city the affair had not been settled, and on the night of November 27th a serious scare was abroad that foreign property was to be attacked at midnight. Foreigners were given less than half-an-hour's warning by the Consul that such was planned, and were told to make the best arrangements they could for defence. The expected attack did not, however, take place.

The situation at Chungking was, indeed, getting serious. The key to the position was in the hands of a body of soldiers, hardened veterans, who have been in the field for the last three years, under Chao Er Fung, in Tibet. These men have since the middle of September been shut up in Yachow, a city some four days away from Chengtu, to the west, by thousands of rebels, but have repelled all attacks, and caused great havoc among their assailants, thousands having fallen victims to their deadly fire. At last, early in November, the rebels gave up in despair, and marched away. The Yachow soldiers immediately proceeded down river and re-took Chiating—the first city in Szechuan to declare for the revolution—with great slaughter. Should these men turn their attention to Chungking, the city is doomed. With long-range guns it could be attacked from three eminences, one on the opposite bank of each of two rivers, and the third behind the city, and would be a veritable death-trap. On the other hand, should these troops decide to go to Chengtu to the Viceroy's assistance, he would be able to detach a portion of his soldiers to proceed to Chungking. The Consuls, realising the danger to foreigners in the city, on November 25th advised all residents to retire to the other side of the river, and there stay on houseboats, in readiness to depart if necessary.

Further inland, the lack of settled government is already producing its effect. In the North, robbers have done considerable damage, and in the West, two separate murders of foreigners have taken place, the victims being in both cases Frenchmen, a priest and some engineers. The nearer one gets to the coast, the more capable one finds the revolutionary leaders. In Chungking the Government is in the hands of young men, less than twenty-five years of age, who are despised by the merchants and more experienced men. In Ichang, Wuchang, Nanking, and Shanghai, however, the leaders are older, more talented, many of them with a European or American education, the movement is more stable, and fills one with confidence that it will evolve, slowly it may be, a Government that will command the respect of nations; but in the Western province, conditions are much behind, and the state of unrest is likely to last for a considerable time; and should the Imperialists reconquer the whole province (as seems possible), things may be even worse, for this cannot be effected without much bloodshed. If the present armistice (which does not extend to Szechuan) results in peace nearer the coast, it might be possible ere long to restore order, and to send a trustworthy governor, respected by the people—such as the man who was originally deputed by the Imperialist Government to go to Szechuan in September to settle the railway strike.—Yours, &c.,

"GUTHLAC."

Shanghai, December, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE SLAVERY OF MODERN PARENTHOOD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Frances Hookham, in her plea for the unmarried daughter, is surely describing a type of household that is rapidly becoming obsolete. In the modern household the young people, of both sexes, tend more and more to leave home, as the birds do, on reaching maturity. It is the modern parent, after giving a quarter of a century of slavish devotion to the new generation, that is left lonely and uncared for.

Of the two prominent types, the nervous, conscientious one, with the family of two or three highly strung, abnormal children, is the sadder of two sad spectacles. The nursery has become a kind of moral dissecting-room, and the victims lose all power of natural spontaneous impulse. The qualities that survive in this atmosphere are often the least desirable. Selfishness, conceit, and uncontrolled, vindictive temper may be found in a cruder form under such training than would have been possible with the old haphazard methods of long ago.

But it is the care of the parents that concerns me for the moment, and it is among the families where the theory of leaving children to follow their own natural instincts is carried out that the most dire results are to be found. Here, again, the family is usually small, but it is large enough to dominate, even to overwhelm, the household. I have seen a literary man, of European reputation, in the prime of life, reduced to the position of a dazed and perplexed onlooker by the exploits of a son of five and a daughter of three. The occasion was that of a small gathering of literary folk for the interchange of ideas. It was a time of political crisis; but it was also the Children's Hour, and, so far as I know, the only topics that came up for discussion were the rival merits of leap-frog and cushion dance.

That scene is typical, in some degree, of the modern household where the child is the centre of the home. The intellectual life of the father must be lived away from his family, and the mother must do without any such life at all. The parents have their place, it is true, as a kind of superior toys, but in the economy of the household they do not count at all.

If the race were to benefit enormously by this modern sacrifice of the parent, it might still be open to question whether it is worth while. But the gain to the children is more than doubtful. We have seen some splendid men and women produced by the rigid severity of half-a-century ago. For those of us that live long enough to see another generation mature it will be interesting to contrast the results of the wild licence of to-day.

What should be the end and aim of education? Not merely the acquisition of learning, not even the ability to use our gifts to the utmost, but the knowledge and power to get the fullest value out of life. And the cardinal qualities round which all the other virtues group themselves, if we have this end in view, are self-reliance and self-control. Every child that is cared for by a woman with the true mother instinct begins to learn these lessons in the cradle. They should be progressively learnt in the free republic of the nursery and the playground. Not one of us in a hundred is born endowed with all the qualities which each of us must acquire if we are to make decent men and women. Few imaginative children are naturally truthful; yet there is an etiquette of truth, a convention, which must be learnt. Nearly every child is a born actor; the natural faculty degenerates into posing if it is perpetually noticed. Then there are the pleasures of sense; appetites must be controlled before they can be enjoyed. Those of us that are cursed with a really bad temper know that we had to begin to check it while we were still in arms.

There is no such training-ground for the man and woman of to-morrow as the large family, and that—for good or ill—is a thing of the past in well-to-do England. But there is still one country where it can be found, and if I wanted a new name for the Isle of Sorrow, the dark Rosaleen, I should call it the Land of Beautiful Families. That is one abiding impression you carry away from Ireland. Almost every mother you meet might sit for the Madonna,

and every child for the infant Jesus. Every man that can afford it (and some that cannot) marries and has a large family. There is no new parenthood about them, but they are keen on doing the best they can for the bairns. And there is only one word for the children, they are delightful! I can think of no better object-lesson for the nervous, over-anxious parent of to-day than might be found in a visit to some households round about Dublin. "Old-fashioned," I suppose one might call them, but they remain with me as a vision of child-life, healthy, happy, and vigorous, that I have not seen matched in the "advanced" nurseries on this side of the Channel.—Yours, &c.,

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

33, Buckingham Mansions, N.W.

January 21st, 1912.

THE NEW WIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read with great appreciation the article on "The New Wife." The aspiration is a noble one. "So conceived, the family would represent the triumph of the higher principles of voluntarism and communism which have so far failed to establish themselves as sufficient principles of cohesion in the larger social groupings." Personally, I have doubts as to whether this communism would answer in the family any more than in the State. Perhaps this is because I am a woman and take the other view, that "headship is essential to the good order of the family."

The writer begins by ridiculing "the outworn formula 'obey,'" but as he goes on he seeks to account for "a certain amount of obedience on the part of the wife in the vast majority of families." This he attributes to two reasons: (1) the financial force of man; (2) the physical force of man. To take the first. "The power of the purse is incomparably more potent than the marriage service or the Pauline teaching to secure the obedience of the wife within the home." This is a terrible indictment. I deny it emphatically. It is a materialistic view, lowering marriage to a business transaction, and degrading woman to a creature whose obedience can be bought, and who is devoid of religious instincts. It is not true to life. Wives who are financially independent are just as willing to obey, and many wives married to rich men seek divorce or separation rather than obey a man they loathe. Feeding us and clothing us does not ensure our obedience. A husband is legally obliged to maintain and support his wife, and in return he can demand only just as much obedience as is legally his due. "In the great majority of cases the husband's control of the purse imposes or evokes an excessive and injurious amount of submissiveness." Surely this is belittling man as well as woman! Are not the husband's will-power and force of character to count for something? And is not the mysterious magnetism of sex far more potent than the purse? Wifely obedience is also based, so this writer tells us, on (2) physical strength. "That the male dominion rests on these two material foundations of physical and financial force, nobody can doubt." Frankly, this makes our flesh creep. Truly, the writer dubbs it "the lowest mode." We doubt whether physical force ever did ensure much obedience worth having, though no doubt a husband could keep his wife in a state of subjection by thrashing her occasionally.

Briefly, then, we repudiate the charge that wifely obedience is given exclusively to the man who holds a whip or a purse. Remove these two obstacles, and, in the eyes of this writer of "The New Wife," woman would be free. Do you really think so, Mr. Man? I deny it. A woman would still continue to regard her husband as worthy of love, honor, and obedience on account of his mental qualities, his sex, his force of character, and, most of all, because she loves him, and takes a certain pleasure in obeying him.

We are not brute beasts, fearing physical force; we are open to argument and reason, and the obedience we render is voluntary surrender rather than enforced subjection. Fully protected by the law, with many privileges, it is loving submission, freely given. "Love, honor, and obey" are inextricably bound together in a woman's mind and heart. The instinct of obedience in woman is difficult to uproot, and she does, as a rule, prefer the headship of the man. Even if a communism of goods were adopted in the

family, we doubt whether it would affect the woman's inclination to be guided by man.

Still, I must thank this writer for his splendid article, which has almost—not quite—turned me into a disobedient wife, and made me regret my marriage vow. The article is full of thought and the spirit of social comradeship that makes one feel that he is the true friend of woman, and he arrives at a great and noble conclusion, even though, inadvertently, he seems to besparter us by the way.—Yours, &c.,

HONORA TWYCROSS.

27, Burlington Road, Redland, Bristol.

January 23rd, 1912.

F. D. MAURICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There seems to be a conspiracy in the newspaper press to seize the opportunity of my brother's death for giving pain to his family by trying to play off son against father. I was not surprised, of course, at any bad taste in an article in the "Times," but I was pained to see something of the kind reproduced in the "Manchester Guardian," and now I find one of the most offensive of these utterances in the columns of THE NATION. I am sure that nothing would have offended and disgusted my brother more than to read a eulogy on himself leading up to an offensive sneer at his father. I trust that I may be allowed a word, not only in depreciation of the method of this attack, but in refutation of one at least of the epithets used.

I do not quite understand what is meant by the charge of *uncertainty* in my father's theology. But as to its ineffectualness, I think I can point to results both in thought and action of a very marked kind. With regard to the former, indeed, the Bishop of Chester has already called attention to the effect produced on a certain section of the High Church party, as illustrated in the book called "Lux Mundi." With regard to the latter, if your critic would condescend to visit either the Working Men's College in Crowndale Road, or Queen's College, Harley Street, he would find that most vigorous (and, in some instances, very distinguished) workers trace much of their efficiency in life to my father's teaching. And if your critic had been present, as I was, at Professor Sieper's lecture in University College to the German students who came over here to study English life, he would have heard my father's name received with the greatest enthusiasm by representatives of nearly every German University. It is no answer to this to say that your critic used the expression "ineffectual theologian." My father's theology worked itself out in every part of his life and action; and, no doubt, unconsciously colored the minds of many of those pupils who would not accept the form in which he expressed his ideas. This connection between theology and practical life was recognized by Professor Sieper on the occasion I have mentioned; and perhaps an even more impressive instance of its working was given me by Dr. Timothy Richards, the well-known Baptist missionary in China. He attributed to my father's "Religions of the World" a great deal of the change which has come over the tone of missionaries in their attitude to the religions of China.

Should you say that such results as these should be described as "ineffectual"?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead,
January 20th, 1912.

[Nothing was further from the writer's mind than an "offence" to F. D. Maurice's memory.—ED., NATION.]

THE REPORTING OF LIBERAL MINISTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Drysdale's heavy-handed humor, may I say that I buy two Liberal papers daily, so that, for a man of moderate means, I think I do my fair share towards supporting the party Press?

With a lack of discrimination rather surprising in an acute journalist, Mr. Drysdale fails to see that my praise of the "Yorkshire Evening News" implies no censure of the "Yorkshire Observer"; for, as I said, morning and evening newspapers are in different categories. I singled out the former journal because I know no provincial Liberal

evening paper which so often gives very fair reports of political speeches. I could not have singled out the "Yorkshire Observer" without implied censure of the "Manchester Guardian," which would have been as absurd as unjust.

I am surprised to hear that the cost of telegraphing speeches is so serious a matter as Mr. Drysdale suggests. I should think that four columns would contain about 6,000 words, which, at Press rates, would, I suppose, be about £3.

I am glad to hear that the "Yorkshire Observer" (which lack of time prevents me from reading regularly) now invariably gives *verbatim* reports of the leading Ministers' speeches, for I have sometimes bought it in the past with that object in view, and been disappointed.—Yours, &c.,

YORKSHIRE RADICAL.

January 24th, 1912.

P.S.—I only read the "Daily Mail" (which I never buy) once a month, if as often as that, and some time ago succeeded in getting my club to stop taking it.

A REQUEST FOR LIGHT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think I can throw some light on the question raised by "Digamma," as to the meaning attached by church-goers to the words, "I believe . . . in the resurrection of the body." Before I enter on that subject, I would like to suggest that it does not follow that all who go to church, or repeat there the Creed of their childhood, have no difficulties in doing so; but if they stayed away and forewent the strength and consolation which comes from fellowship, would their position be improved? Browning expresses the difficulty which many thinkers feel in a well-known passage of Bishop Blougram's "Apology":—

"And now what are we? Unbelievers both,
Calm and complete, determinately fixed,
To-day, to-morrow, and for ever, pray?
You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think!
Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from flower-bell, someone's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as Nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again,—
The grand Perhaps!"

The point which "Digamma" raises about the Resurrection of the body is fully discussed in a book entitled "The Divine Unity and Trinity," by Herbert H. Jeaffreson, M.A., published by Sonnenschein. The last essay in this book is entitled "The Body and the Flesh," and the chapters of that essay to which I would like to direct "Digamma's" attention are the second—also entitled "The Body and the Flesh"—and the seventh, on "The Resurrection." The writer regards the body as force rather than matter, and evidently finds as much difficulty in accepting Bishop Pearson's theory, which he quotes *extenso* on page 299, as "Digamma" and—may I add?—as the writer of this letter.

I will quote a few passages, as suggestive of the whole argument, but cannot do justice to it in that way, nor probably satisfy "Digamma." If there is difficulty in obtaining the book, which may be out of print, I should be glad to lend my copy.

"That God makes the body, that He moulds and quickens matter into flesh, is clear to all believers; but it is hardly less clear that God works here, as elsewhere, by means of a certain created force belonging to the man himself. . . . We are forced, then, to recognise in man a power distinct from soul and spirit, distinct also from God, which corresponds to the Power of God, as distinguished from His Essence and His *Dōxa* or Manifestation. This power in man continually appropriates external matter. At our last meal we absorbed such matters as bread, meat, wine, all of them naturally external to us; upon these the power is even now at work, appropriating them and blending them into unity. To this power I assign the name of body; the outer clothing which our bodies are continually fashioning for themselves I call the flesh. The matter thus fashioned is, like other clothing, cast off as soon as it has done its work. Even at this moment certain atoms which were external to us an hour ago, which we then absorbed and made in a certain sense

our own, are now returning by the process of bodily waste to the world of external matter. It would be perfectly true to say that our flesh is, in a great measure, changed after every meal: to say that our meals supply us with new bodies would be contrary alike to Holy Scripture and to common-sense, both of which bear witness to the unity and continuity of the body.

"Thus the body is not matter, but power: the flesh is the matter which is assumed and moulded by that power. The body is permanent, and inherent in the man's personality: the flesh has no other permanence than a notional one, inasmuch as successive masses of matter are assumed by the same body, moulded into very similar form, and applied to very similar purposes." ("The Body and the Flesh," Chapter II., pp. 252-3.)

After quoting the "gluten" passage from Bishop Pearson, the author writes:—

"Is the resurrection of the flesh a resurrection of relics? I am constrained to answer that it is not. . . . In truth, this doctrine of the resurrection of relics, though not incredible if it be revealed, is nevertheless not easy to be believed. Chemistry shows how the various elements into which man's flesh decomposes are remitted to the storehouse of the earth, and re-issued in new forms of life." And, after quoting the passage of the resurrection of the dry bones in Ezekiel, he sums up his argument: "The passage seems indeed to speak of a resurrection of relics. Will not its meaning be fully satisfied by a resurrection of the body, which assumes once more atoms of matter like those which it once moulded till it lost grasp of them in death?

"But can this be called, as the Creed bids us call it, a 'resurrection of the flesh'? Surely it can. For the flesh is not so many ounces of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and the like, but these elements compounded and held together in a particular form, and for a particular purpose, by the power of the body. In recognition of the unity which is thus established, we speak of the flesh as one, and do not consider that the constant flux in its component parts, assimilation and degeneration, destroys the unity of the flesh. When we eat we say that we are recruiting the flesh, not that we are substituting new flesh for old. But if this constant change of the atoms of which the flesh is composed is not inconsistent with a notional persistence and unity in the flesh, as a general term for all that matter which from time to time the body assumes and moulds, then it is hard to see why a temporary break in the continuity of that process of assimilation should make the flesh before that break notionally distinct from the flesh after that break. The flesh which is laid in the grave is, in that sense, one with the flesh which the revived body assumes; though the chemist might be unable to recognise one atom of matter which had passed over from the first to the second. ("The Body and the Flesh," Chapter VII., pp. 302-3.)—Yours, &c.,

M. R. HOSTE.

January 20th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue, "Digamma" inquires in what sense belief in the resurrection of the body is held by modern Christians. He will find one answer to his inquiry in Bishop Walpole's little book, "Gains and Losses," published by Messrs. Scott.

It must be admitted that impossible theories of a physical resurrection have been held by some Christians from the time of St. Paul down to the first half, at least, of the nineteenth century. Bishop Walpole, referring to the early days of Christianity, remarks: "It was at once said that the Christians taught that the body we put aside at death was to be raised up, and many sneering questions were asked as to what happened to the bodies of the Christians that the lions devoured, or to those which were burnt, or to those which became the prey of the sea. St. Paul, who was the leading exponent of this new philosophy of the body, was impatient with those who so misrepresented what they held" (p. 29). The passage referred to is the classical one in I. Cor. xv., 35-50. It is curious that people should have assumed that body in this connection

must mean physical body, since St. Paul distinguished between a terrestrial (*ἐπγήιος*) and a celestial (*ἐπουρανίων*), and between a natural (*ψυχικός*) and a spiritual (*πνευματικός*) body. Now, whatever he means by a celestial or spiritual body, at least he makes it clear enough that it is something not to be identified with, but to be distinguished from, the physical body, the "flesh and blood" which "cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." It is equally clear that what is here called a body is something essentially different from pure spirit. Hence those who proceed upon the assumption that whatever is not physical matter is spirit must find themselves in the difficulty raised by "Digamma." The mistake lies in the identification of physical and material.

Your correspondent, however, even if he admit this, will object that the exchange of one body for another is not correctly described as a resurrection of the body. Those who have studied the origins of our creeds will be able to tell us whether those who framed them meant to assert the resuscitation of the physical body. In spite of St. Paul's teaching, quite possibly they did; and so the expression may be ill-chosen to express the truth which we still mean to express when we recite it. What, then, do we mean by it? We mean, I take it, to declare our belief in the survival of something more than the spirit or soul with which each man begins his life on earth. What is dear to us in our friend is not merely that, but the unique personality he has built up for himself as his character developed, which again is bound up with the outward expression of that personality in his looks, words, and actions. We believe that in the life to come he will have the means of expressing far more perfectly this same personality by means of some kind of vehicle, which, as the expression of spirit, is as well named "body" as anything else. The resurrection of my brother will be the resurrection, in some sense, of the whole man, not of his spirit only; and in that other world I expect to be able to recognise him as the same, and to be able to communicate with him, as the first disciples recognised and held communion with the risen Christ. We do not know how far the resurrection body is a new body, or how far it is with us now unrecognised. The late Dr. Pulsford, in "Our Deathless Hope," describes it as a subtle body, which we are all unconsciously forming during the present life as the expression of what we are. In any case, there is, according to St. Paul, the same or an analogous connection between the two bodies as between the seed sown and the seedling that springs from it. The seedling is not the seed, but it is a seedling that could have sprung from no other seed; "God giveth to each seed a body of its own."—Yours, &c.,

M. I. G.

January 15th, 1912.

A PLAN FOR EXALTING CONSOLS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of your article explains that "Consols" is short for "Consolidated." He might have added that the full title is "Consolidated Bank Annuities." When an issue of Consols is made by the Government it is called a loan; but it really amounts to a sale of annuities, which vary in value from day to day. Until about fifteen years ago, we all thought that profits and interest tend to decrease, and this opinion was justified by experience, so that a purchase of Consols was usually an improving investment. Under the influence of this idea, Goschen made what your writer calls his "grand financial stroke," which has, in fact, proved disastrous to the holders of Consols. Among these unlucky people are doubtless many of the wealthy classes, but there are also large numbers of small and thrifty capitalists, who have bought through the Post Office at the suggestion of the State officials. It may be said that these people bought with their eyes open, and ought to have known what they were doing. But the fact remains that they have suffered heavy damage, and the Government Stock has become discredited. If anyone doubts this latter fact, let him ask his stockbroker how many *bond-fide* buyers of Consols come into the market now, and he will be told that the Government broker is practically the only buyer. The appalling effects of this state of things would be clearly seen if we had to issue fresh

Consols in case of war. One can only speculate as to what would be the price of issue. I doubt whether it would be much over 60.

Now, if the above analysis is correct, the Government have never been *borrowers*, they have been *vendors of perpetual annuities*. This business may be profitable so long as world conditions tend to raise the value of fixed annuities. But if (through the operation of many causes, which need not here be inquired into) the value of fixed annuities tends to decline, it becomes difficult to "place" such depreciating securities. It would, therefore, be better in case of need for the Government to resort to actual borrowing, i.e., to issue stock or bonds, redeemable at a fixed date. This system is anathema to your writer, but it has the merit of being a straightforward borrowing, with promise to repay; as against the system of selling annuities, which may turn out to be a good speculative purchase to the buyer, but have latterly been very much the reverse.—Yours, &c.,

S. P. C.

Bath, January 17th, 1912.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND UNITARIANISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article in a recent number of THE NATION you say of Mr. Lloyd George, "No special culture was added, such as Mr. Chamberlain's association with Unitarianism."

Is this quite correct? Mr. William George, the father of the Chancellor, was, I think, a Unitarian. At any rate, he was master of a Unitarian School, and intimately associated with Unitarians the greater part of his life.

Hope Street School, at Liverpool, of which Mr. William George was head-master, is an old Unitarian foundation.—Yours, &c.,

W. C. JOLLY.

5, Portman Mansions, York Place, W.

THE CORRECTOR CORRECTED.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I cannot resist the temptation of correcting the corrector in your review of Mr. G. G. Desmond's "Roll of the Seasons," December 23rd, 1911.

The reviewer, after many appreciative remarks, goes on to say: "We shall not quarrel with him on a pure matter of taste or philology, but rather on two very small matters; first, his supposing that the lake of Jefferies's boyhood was a brick-pit instead of a valley full of water; and the second, his attributing to the poet 'the murmur of innumerable bees in immemorial elms,' when Tennyson wrote:—

'The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
The murmur of innumerable bees.'"

Now, dear Mr. Editor, Tennyson did *not* write the lines quoted above. What he did write is as follows:—

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Hear how the poet carries the winding, sea-like sound from one line to the other by his "and murmuring" instead of a repetition of "the," and the use of the word "murmur."

My only excuse for this letter is (to quote Mr. Desmond's reviewer) that my "meticulous accuracy demands such minor corrections."—Yours, &c.,

AMELIE TROUBETZKOY.

53, West 39th Street, New York.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow a life-long Liberal and a convinced believer in the pressing need for providing national help to the poorer classes to say a word in connection with the clever contribution in your issue of the 15th on "The Medical Profession and the Insurance Act"?

The writer says it is "curious and regrettable" that the doctors are "out" in opposition to the Act. I would humbly ask whether this attitude is to be wondered at when it is considered that they are to be compelled, will they nil

they, to accept the terms offered to them? It is all very well to talk vaguely of the flexibility of remuneration; but the advocates for the Act cannot escape from facing the fact that the actuarial calculations and the consequent funds available for working the measure are founded and fixed on the postulate that the 4s. 6d. a head per annum of insurers, ill or well, is sufficiently ample to meet the fair demands of the medical practitioner. What else have Health Committees to guide them, except the sum set down in the Act? It is said that these bodies will have to take the "advice" of the local doctors, and, besides, that the Committees are partly composed of medical men, in the handsome proportion of one to every ten laymen! This might be all very well if the poor doctor could refuse the terms offered; but, seeing he has to live, he cannot afford to do so. A fair way of bargaining would be for the Health Committees to select, say, four of their number to meet four doctors, with a neutral chairman, and so to form a board of conciliation. In some such manner, the profession would be placed in a position where its members would have a decent chance of fair play. Meantime, they are thrown on the tender mercy, in most cases, of their old task-masters, the Friendly Societies, whose manifest interest it is—as it always has been—to save in every way they can.

No doubt the Insurance Commissioners can intervene if they choose. May I ask what are the chances of their coming to the assistance of the doctors? Are they not bound, on the one hand, to consider the limits of the means available for increased allowances? And, on the other, can it be supposed they are likely to override local decisions, the very thing local committees are supposed to be in the best position to settle?

No, sir! Doctors decline to become mere slaves. If they were so faint-hearted, none in the end would suffer more, as all experience has proved, than their masters and patients.—Yours, &c.,

A RETIRED PRACTITIONER OF OVER 50 YEARS' STANDING.

January 25th, 1912.

Poetry.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

A DAY shall break—the widening rose of dawn
Petal on petal lifting from the gold
Until the neutral earth is green, the stars
Reborn as dew—that day shall break,
And thou sleep on.

Sleep so serenely that the pitcher left
To brim and overflow, the whitened ash,
The needle rusting in the seam
Shall be as recollect'd play;
So deeply, not the push
Of dimpled fingers at thy breast
May call thee back.

Beneath a coronal of bloom, the fruit
Is ripening ere the petals fleet
Through quiet airs,
A fragrant generation at a breath.
When is fulfilled
The law, the purpose of our earth,
We too may wing into the vast.

The sacred fire
Smoulders upon the hearth, though red
On circling wall the pageantry of hell.
Within the shrine
The priestess pours libation till the years
Are numbered and a younger vestal brings
The oil and wine.

From the low house of clay we look
Through storied window of the creeds;
From the low house of clay—the altar lit,
Or black with dying brand—we step
Into the light.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, Based on his Private Journals and Correspondence." By Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
- "The Principle of Individuality and Value." Gifford Lectures. By B. Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia against Napoleon." By E. F. Henderson. (Putnams. 5s. net.)
- "The Beginnings of Quakerism." By W. C. Braithwaite. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Sketch of Mesopotamian, Anatolian, and Hellenic Religions." By L. R. Farnell. (T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d.)
- "Recollections, Grave and Gay." By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Shop Slavery and Emancipation." By W. Paine. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. (P. S. King. 1s. net.)
- "The History of England." By A. F. Pollard. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Rome." By W. Warde Fowler. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "The Problems of Philosophy." By Bertrand Russell. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- "Marie." By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell. 6s.)
- "La Tragédie au XVIe Siècle." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Fontemoing. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Correspondance Générale de Chateaubriand." Publiée par L. Thomas. Tome Premier. (Paris: Champion. 10 fr.)
- "Unverstandene Frauen." Roman. Von F. Schlicht. (Dresden: Seyfert. 2. m.)
- "Le Canzoni della Gesta d' Oltremare." By Gabriele d' Annunzio. (Milan: Fratelli Treves. 5 l.)

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MR. H. W. NEVINSON has written a history of "The Growth of Freedom" for a new popular series, on lines somewhat similar to the "Home University Library," which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Jack.

* * *

"My FRIENDSHIP WITH PRINCE HOHENLOHE" is the title of a volume of memoirs by Baroness von Hedemann, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish next month. It is likely to contain some interesting revelations, for the Baroness was for a long period Prince Hohenlohe's close friend, and he seldom took any important political step without taking her into his confidence.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. Methuen's announcements for next month is a biography of Cardinal de Retz, by Mr. David Ogg. Readers of Dumas will remember the dramatic part the Cardinal plays in "Vingt Ans Après," and although the intrigues of the Fronde have no great interest for English readers, de Retz's opposition to Mazarin was full of stirring episodes. But his chief title to fame is his "Mémoires," of which Sainte-Beuve says that "before Saint-Simon, nothing more instinct with life, more brilliant, and more wonderfully animated has ever been written." According to the same critic, de Retz's "Mémoires," which were not published until 1717, helped to inspire the Conspiracy of Cellamare in the following year. "At every period of civil disturbance," he adds, "they have been appropriate to the occasion, and have revived the public interest. Benjamin Constant used to say, during the Directoire period, that there were only two books he could read, Machiavelli and de Retz."

* * *

A NEW edition of "The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone," edited by Mr. Barry O'Brien, is to be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Tone was, in some ways, one of the most interesting figures in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. Lecky says that "his judgment of men and things was keen, lucid, and masculine," and that "he was alike prompt in decision and brave in action." His "Autobiography," which has long been out of print, throws a good deal of light on the men and motives of the Irish Rebellion, besides giving a vivid picture of Paris in the time of the Directory.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P., has written a pamphlet, embodying the Radical case with regard to "Democracy and the Control of Foreign Affairs," which will be published immediately by Mr. Fifield. A translation, by Mr. Steven Byington, of Max Stirner's "The Ego and His Own" and "Translations from Heine and Others," will also appear shortly through the same publisher.

THE Manchester University Press will shortly issue "Germany in the Nineteenth Century," a series of lectures by Dr. J. Holland Rose, Professor C. H. Herford, Mr. E. C. K. Gonner, and Dr. M. E. Sadler. Another historical work to come from the same firm is "Documents Relating to Ireland under the Commonwealth." It will contain a number of hitherto unpublished documents on the history of Ireland from 1651 to 1659, modernised and edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. Robert Dunlop.

* * *

THE answers of several distinguished Americans to the question: Which was the greatest book of 1911? have just appeared in the "New York Times." The Bishop of New York thinks it an impossible question to answer, and, while of opinion that no work of "transcendent or epoch-making value has appeared during the year," he holds that "some notable contributions" have been made to every department of literature. The New York District Attorney, on the other hand, does not know a year "that has been so lacking in books that stand out as has this year of 1911." Its most important publication is, he thinks, the new edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," though Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "The Case of Richard Meynell," deserves consideration. The Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation agree in praising Wagner's "Story of My Life," the former going so far as to say that "the only book comparable with it is Rousseau's 'Confessions.'" Rabbi Stephen Wise is enthusiastic for Mr. W. W. Gibson's collection of poems, "Daily Bread," while the Mayor of New York votes for Mr. John Spencer Bassett's "Life of Andrew Jackson," and Miss Mary Huston Gregory's study in conservation, entitled "Checking the Waste." Finally, Mrs. E. E. Black, the Chairman of the American Peace and Arbitration League, commends Professor Reinche's "Intellectual Currents in the Far East," Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor," and Signor Ferrero's "The Women of the Caesars."

* * *

THE Voltaire manuscripts in the Bavarian State Library at Munich have recently been examined by Professor L. Jordan, with the result that the Professor believes he has established that most of them were dictated by Voltaire himself, and in part corrected by his own hand. They were given by Voltaire to the Elector Charles Theodore, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, attempted to attract the great French writer to his Court. The manuscripts of "La Pucelle," of "Tancrède," and of the first two volumes of the "Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle," differ in many important respects from the printed texts, while the version of "L'Orphelin de la Chine" is practically a different work.

* * *

A NEW and cheaper edition of Mr. Roger Ingpen's "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley" has just been published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. In a notice of the work, contributed to our issue of September 18th, 1909, Professor Dowden wrote that "nothing so nearly approaching completeness as these volumes has hitherto appeared." It contains more than three times as many letters as have been given in any previous collection, and in the new issue Mr. Ingpen makes some corrections and prints some fresh letters. Among these latter are two drafts of a letter to the editor of Ollier's "Literary Miscellany," in reply to Peacock's article on "The Four Ages of Poetry." Only one number of the "Literary Miscellany" was published, but, as everyone knows, Shelley's reply was expanded into the famous "Defence of Poetry." Mr. Ingpen also reprints from M. Koszul's "La Jeunesse de Shelley"—a book that ought to be translated into English—several of Shelley's letters to Hogg, as they appeared in Hogg's "Life of Shelley," together with Lady Shelley's corrections, made from the original documents. A glance at these corrections will show that, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Professor Dowden have stated, Hogg deliberately altered the text of Shelley's letters. Thus Shelley wrote: "I burn with impatience for the moment of Christianity's dissolution." This is altered by Hogg into "I burn with impatience for the moment of the dissolution of intolerance." In another long letter, Shelley's "Christians" becomes in Hogg's version "religionists"; "Atheist" becomes "philosopher," and, by a change of the personal pronoun, Shelley's own sentiments and opinions are attributed to Hogg.

Reviews.

NEWMAN.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

"The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, Based on his Private Journals and Correspondence." By WILFRID WARD. (Longmans. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

MR. WARD'S "Life of Newman" is a permanent contribution to history and literature. The writer stands in the first rank of living biographers; and, though much has been written on Newman, the story of his life as a Catholic has not been told till now. There have been glimpses, rumors, surmises; but the facts have not been known. This is so no longer. Mr. Ward's narrative is full and outspoken; for the first time it is possible to estimate the Cardinal's career as a whole.

The Anglican period (1801-1845) occupies only two out of the thirty-five chapters. The "Apologia" and Miss Mozley's "Letters" remain the authorities; but Mr. Ward's additional matter confirms the impression left by them of the greatness of the gulf that separates the mind of 1840 from that of our own time. This is, perhaps, the first thought that will occur to the reader. Of the famous Sunday afternoon sermons at St. Mary's, "there was scarcely a man of note in the University, old or young, who did not during the last two or three years of Newman's incumbency habitually attend the service and listen to the sermons," says Lord Coleridge. It is simply impossible to conceive this to-day. It is not only that there is no second Newman. If there were twenty, Oxford would not be affected in this way. It is not that there is less religion now than then, but that the religious instinct finds other outlets; the climate has changed. And this change makes it difficult to understand how men were gripped by the sermons. The preacher could be uniquely suggestive, as in the sermon on "Development"—the germ of the later "Essay"; pathetic, as in the "Parting of Friends"; brilliant, as in the "Second Spring." But, lit up as they are by frequent flashes of insight and touches of compelling personal appeal, the "Parochial and Plain Sermons" no longer arrest us; at times, as in the well-known passage on the massacre of the Canaanites, they are repellent and even grotesque. It was the personality, not the preacher, the speaker, not what he said, that told. The key to the effect produced was psycho-physical. His excessive sensibility was the secret at once of his weakness and of his strength; of his exceptional capacity for suffering, and of his power over others whose temperament was in tune with his own.

"Christie walked with him from Oxford to Littlemore when the great separation of 1845 was approaching. Newman spoke never a word all the way, and Christie's hand, when they arrived, was wet with Newman's tears. When he made his confession in Littlemore chapel his exhaustion was such that he could not walk without help. When he went to Rome to set right the differences with his brethren of London, he walked barefoot from the halting-stage of the *diligence* all the way to St. Peter's. When Ambrose St. John died he flung himself on the bed by the corpse, and spent the night there."

The phenomena, which are common in the lives of the saints, and familiar to pathologists, indicate an abnormal consciousness. Nor are men divided into water-tight compartments. His intellectual life was as full of contrasts as his emotional. His learning was moderate. If, as Mr. Ward tells us, Döllinger, in 1857, spoke of his knowledge of the first three centuries as "almost unequalled," we can only account for it by the reflection that these centuries were not Döllinger's special period, and that at the time they were an almost unexplored field to Catholic scholars. But his intellect was acute, and his understanding subtle. Yet he was impatient when "some Catholics or Protestants (I forget which) at Wolverhampton scrupled at receiving the account of St. Winifred carrying her head"; he believed in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and other less-known saints, at Naples; he accepted the legend of the Holy House of Loreto: "If you ask me why I believe it, it is because everyone believes it at Rome." And, perhaps, the strangest interpretation ever given of a familiar Pauline phrase is that in which he invites a correspondent to

"feel yourself surrounded by all holy arms and defences, with the Sacrament week by week, with the Priests' Benedictions, with crucifixes and rosaries which have been blessed, with holy water, with places and acts to which Indulgences have been attached, and the 'Whole Armour of God.'"

The contrast between this construction of the words and that given by their author suggests more than one reflection. It may be doubted whether such a "Development of Christian Doctrine" would have commended itself to St. Paul.

He was haunted by a life-long terror of scepticism; his mission, as he conceived it, was one of

"relentless war against the 'Liberalism' in thought that was breaking up ancient institutions in Church and State, and would not cease from its work till it had destroyed religion. In England its aims were comparatively moderate, and its tendencies disguised; but we are now" (Mr. Ward tells us) "witnessing its inevitable results in Continental Europe. Newman foresaw them in 1828. He saw fresh symptoms of an un-Christian movement in the Revolution of 1830 in France; and on one occasion even refused to look at the tricolor that was hoisted on the mast of a French ship."

So the specialist diagnoses the disease of which he has made a study in the most unlikely quarters; it has become an obsession to him; and, "it is the mind that sees." To the unsophisticated Christian it was a strange Christianity which was bound up with the tyranny of Bomba and the Hapsburgs, or with the Temporal Power of the Pope. Exeter Hall had its limitations; but, if this be Oxford, we prefer Exeter Hall.

It is one of the ironies of life that a man so minded should have become the father of those larger tendencies now known as Modernism. Not that Newman was a Modernist, or even a consistent Liberal Catholic. But it is certain that his influence led, and still leads, many Catholics to Liberalism in one shape or another, and it is doubtful whether it has ever led one genuine Liberal to Catholicism; the trained intellect of his time passed him by. Considering his ability and his deservedly high reputation as a man of letters, the extent to which this was the case is surprising. To the representatives of English speculation and science, to the historians, the poets, the thinkers, who were his contemporaries, he was barely a name.

The reason was that, with all the keenness of his dialectic, his understanding worked under conditions which the mind of the time could not accept, and on presuppositions which it found inadmissible; the hard-and-fast Dualism which he took for granted was fatal to movement—that is, to life. He was out on the quest of the impossible—the justification of the existing order in religion as it stands. Impossible under any system, this was most impossible of all with Catholicism, which lies more than any other in the grip of the dead hand. Yet, in spite of this, it is only in connection with Catholicism that the attempt is plausible. The Catholic conception of the Church is an artificial construction; it exists for thought, not in things. Apply it to a Reformed Church, or to the so-called Orthodox communions of the East, and the misfit is palpable: the notion breaks down. With the Roman Catholic Church it is otherwise. Its great scale, its apparent antiquity, its pretensions, and, above all, the magic of the name of Rome, make it possible, for those who are ignorant of one-half of the facts and misconceive the other, to fit them to the theory. It requires a stretch of the imagination, and an exceptional power of shutting one's eyes; but the thing can be done. Newman did it; and it was this that landed him in Rome. He conceived religion as vitally associated, first with a formula; then with an institution or a hierarchy; never as only secondarily and accidentally associated with these things, and as itself spirit—a thing living in and with the life of mankind, and (to use the Pauline antithesis) not law, but grace. For a logical mind, and his mind was, before all things, logical, there was but one conclusion. Christianity, conceived as letter, means Rome—and Rome at its most Roman; the Rome of the Encyclical "Pascendi" and of Pius X.

The conclusion was grievous to him: he kicked, and kicked desperately, against the pricks. He was under no illusion as to the worldliness of the Curia, the studied nullity of Roman theology, the insolence of Cullen and his colleagues, the blind violence of the Ultramontanism which, under Pius IX., ran riot in the Church. But it does not seem that he ever seriously questioned the *πρᾶτος ψῦχος* underlying the Catholic position. "We are in a strange

time," he wrote in 1860. "I have not the shadow of a misgiving that the Catholic Church and its doctrine are directly from God—but then I know well that there is in particular quarters a narrowness which is not of God." The words reflect the attitude in which it is probable that his mind, at least approximately, acquiesced. That there were oscillations has been conjectured; but the equilibrium, in so far as there was one, was here.

Given Rome, however, he stood more and more definitely for the larger lines. It is curious how soon after his secession he Liberalised; he felt, it would seem, firmer ground under his feet. To the authorities both in England and at Rome, he was an enigma. They did not know what to make of or to do with him. Their ideas of Oxford, of the English Church, and of his standing in each, were of the vaguest. That there were jealousies is probable; that there were misunderstandings is certain—nor, perhaps, were they all on one side. He was entered, in the first instance, at the College of the Propaganda, where his associates were schoolboys—"a whole troop of blackamoors," as Father Neville expressed it; later, he associated himself with the Congregation of the Oratory, which he founded in England in 1848. Never was a man more out of his element. At Rome, little or no interest was taken either in philosophy or theology; and English was an unknown tongue. The text-books in use were of the type, *mutatis mutandis*, of Aldrich's "Logic"; the notion that the so-called "proofs" of religion could fail to convince was inconceivable; students and professors alike lived in a fool's paradise, and resented their dogmatic slumber being broken in upon by echoes of the outside world. The "Essay on Development" had been taken up by certain Unitarians in America, and attacked by the egregious Dr. Orestes Brownson. The controversy reached Rome—where no one understood it; but the impression left was that Newman was unsound. The Jesuit, Perrone, the nearest approach to a theologian to be found in the Roman schools, admitted a certain process, or growth, of dogma. But we cannot think, with Mr. Ward, that the difference between him and Newman was "almost entirely one of expression." What Perrone meant was a material unfolding, such as that of the open hand as distinct from the closed fist. Newman understood by development certainly a logical, and almost certainly (though his language was qualified) an organic, process. The conceptions differ essentially: and the latter admits of applications which the former excludes.

It is strange that his letters from Rome (1846-1848) contain no reference to the great drama of Italian politics then unfolding itself. A popular cause made no appeal to him; and his sympathies were with the old order, not the Risorgimento. Mr. Ward's version of the restoration of Pius IX. in 1850, under the protection of French and Austrian bayonets, has at least the merit of originality: "Without effort on his own part he soon found himself back again in Rome." The establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England seemed to Newman ill-judged; he was inclined to look at the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill as "a means of getting us out of a scrape." At no period of his life was he a man of action; his interest was in ideas rather than in affairs. A reference, in 1859, to John Bright is a pleasant exception: "He is our member, and it is not often you get so honest a man."

In 1851 Dr. Cullen, then Archbishop of Armagh, and later of Dublin, invited him to become Rector of the proposed Catholic University of Ireland. The position, it seemed, offered the very opportunity of influencing Catholic education for which he was so peculiarly qualified; and he was sufficiently ill-advised to accept. He little knew either the men with whom he would have to deal, or the circumstances in which he would find himself. From the first the scheme miscarried. Irish opinion was divided; and his sympathies were not with the bishops, in whose interest he was compelled to act. The gentry held aloof; the English Catholic families refused to co-operate; national, political, and personal jealousies were rife. The last thing that the bishops wanted was education. They were urgent for his name, as an advertisement for their bogus goods; but they made no secret of their distrust of him. "They regard every intellectual man as being on the way to perdition," was his indignant comment on their proceedings; Cullen, an Irish

peasant with a varnish of Roman intrigue, whose conception of a University was that of a seminary on a larger scale, "treated him from the first as a scrub." The one result of the Irish episode was, what Pattison thought the finest of his books, the "Idea of a University." In 1859 he left Ireland, a disillusioned and, it seemed to himself, a broken man. "Buoyancy," says Mr. Ward, "was over for ever"; his belief in the practical wisdom of the Papacy had been destroyed. It was a time of darkness and of reproach. In his own words, "A man who was not extravagant was thought treacherous"; he found himself suspected and "under a cloud."

"There came to him some of the special bitterness which falls to the lot of a disrowned king or a forsaken prophet. He thought himself an old man. His health was bad, and he made ready for death. His books had ceased to sell, and now he ceased to write. His very name was hardly known to the rising generation. Had he died directly after his sixty-third birthday—at an age which would have fallen not very far short of the allotted days of man on earth—his career would have lived in history as ending in the saddest of failures. His unparalleled eminence in 1837 would have been contrasted by historians with his utter insignificance in 1863. His biography would have been a tragedy."

(To be continued.)

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Child of humble parents, who in his early years maintained a gallant and successful fight with poverty; through ill-health, schoolless and self-educated, he began his working life as a maker of picture-frames. A natural artistic instinct showed itself in his work; it gained repute; his richer neighbors brought to him their newly purchased pictures to be framed. He was able to visit London and to form his taste at South Kensington and the British Museum from the finest art specimens in the world. Accident preferred him to the acquaintance of Ford Madox Brown, at whose house in Fitzroy Street—the home, he reminds us, of Thackeray's Colonel Newcome—he met the great original artists of that day, was received by them with a kindness due evidently to his own engaging demeanor and enthusiastic eagerness to learn, imbibed from Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Morris, as well as from his highly gifted host, not only technical canons of Art, but those high ethical principles which the co-called Pre-Raphaelite School had set itself to exemplify and to preach. He came away from their society convinced that ugliness is of the devil, beauty of God; that beauty is a heritage of mankind; that to extend and lavish it amongst our fellows is to help God's purpose; that in this mission mediocrity is to be execrated no less than ugliness; in every department the very best alone to be bestowed. He learned to curse the inequalities of social rank and riches, which he conceived of as hindering these aims; inculcated neighborliness as breaking down the barriers of class and caste; insisted, not upon vicarious charity, but on personal contact with the unprovided, the disabled, the degraded, whom he hoped to serve. There came to him, as there comes to all who will expect and seize it, the chance of carrying these principles into action.

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first abated the pestilential horrors which were disgracing the town and telling frightfully upon the death-rate, then extended its energies into schemes for general improvement. Baths and wash-houses were built, bands placed in the town parks, free concerts and dances set on foot, extension lecturers were invited, exhibitions of native and of borrowed talent set the example followed six years later by the Barnetts at Toynbee Hall. Rambling Clubs were instituted, which visited the Lakes, North Wales, and Yorkshire; it is even claimed that the first idea of University Long Vacation Sessions came from Ancoats through Mr. Arthur Acland's action upon Jowett when Vice-Chancellor. Finally, a Sunday Society, meeting for mutual discussion, grew into the world-wide Ancoats Brotherhood, keeping its hold to-day upon two thousand members, qualified merely by the annual payment of a shilling. In all these regenerating movements, Mr. Rowley was a pioneer, indicating some, fostering all. His singular talent of persuasiveness, which the Greeks idealised as a goddess, tempted to his native town teachers such as Huxley, Sir W. Richmond, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Robert Ball, Archdeacon Wilson. "But for you," say the letters of grateful correspondents, "the priceless gifts bestowed on us would not have been ours."

To his "Manchester and Ancoats Chronicle," Mr. Rowley adds brief biographic sketches of his friends and teachers. He paints Mr. Walter Crane in his inspired and in his "unbuttoned" manner; tells how Madox Brown, seeing poor, shoeless children in the streets, would take them to the nearest shop and equip them; affirms, what will be new to many of us, that Morris refused the Laureateship as well as the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. He tells of Frederick Shields, Kropotkin and his noble wife, Voynich, Father Gapon, Hueffer, Bell Scott, Andrew Walker, Canon Rawnsley, *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum!* and commemorates the circle of intimates, whom for twenty-five years past he has assembled annually in London round the mahogany tree on New Year's eve. His pages are thickly interspersed with illustrations: portraits of the men whom we have cited, the beautiful wives of some, amongst them that remarkable woman, Mathilde Blind. He reproduces many of Brown's cartoons, Crane's humorous burlesques, Burne-Jones's "Adoration of the Magi," Holman Hunt's "Eliezer and Rebeca," the group which acted Gilbert Murray's "Hippolytus" at Stonelands.

The book is egotistic—that was natural. It lacks an index, an omission more unpardonable. But it is a spirited and well-written narrative of great things and persons; a timely protest against worship of material success, against a "bread-and-butter" theory of education, against an exclusiveness which banes society;—a record of finely conceived and well-directed energies, of high aims steadily accomplished.

SOME GALICIAN IMPRESSIONS.

"Spain Revisited: A Summer Holiday in Galicia." By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY (Mrs. WALTER M. GALICHAN). (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is much that is pleasant in Mrs. Gallichan's (or the late Miss Hartley's) book, which one may read at a trot, with passing frowns for her careless treatment of the noble Spanish language. In the main, it is the lightest of travel matter, with photographs in keeping. The chapters on Galician sculpture, architecture, and ancient history, are the heaviest in the book, but they cannot be termed profound. Mrs. Gallichan's enthusiasms are engaging, whether they focus upon sunsets, landscapes, or the Galicians themselves. The evidences she adduces of the province's advance upon the wide and glittering roads of ultra-modern civilisation, as we Anglo-Saxons deem it, are not to be denied. They may provoke sighs in those of us to whom serene yesterdays are more congenial than fighting to-morrows, but, as Bergson so academically instructs us, the law of eternal "becoming" cannot be resisted. Fifteen years ago, the country Gallegans could feign to be frightened by a common bicycle on the road. Now, it appears, the smiling land of gorse and granite and pious wayside crosses is beset by public motor cars with whooping chauffeurs that do their forty miles and more an hour up hill, across dale

and almost on the outside edge of precipices, in no fear of restraint. If English customs permitted a man and woman to ride pick-a-back on one horse, and the horse took fright and spilled them both, which of the twain, if neither was hurt, would pursue the horse? The man, of course. But in Galicia the woman would not give him even time to consider the matter. It is a stirring and suggestive picture, this of the stalwart Gallegan dame chasing the terrified animal and returning with it, ere the man, her natural master, has finished dusting himself. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Gallichan is rather too generous toward her own sex in her conclusions from this and other premisses, although supported by the opinion of Mr. Havelock Ellis that "the women of the country are superior to the men in physical and mental development." In such a case, the woman may be given all the credit due to her virility, but the high quality of her intellect may be politely questioned, even in Galicia, where the standard of education is now remarkable indeed for Spain. Mrs. Gallichan informs us that the Gallegans "have always known that the great business of man is love." But this statement also may be suspected. Like the Irish haymakers and harvestmen in England, the Gallegan has his long spells of hard, almost abject, industry abroad, when his great and only business is the accumulation of pesetas and 1,000-reis notes. In the towns of Portugal he has long been despised as a migratory sort of general servant at bottom wages.

Of Vigo, Coruña, Ferrol, and Santiago, Mrs. Gallichan gives us interesting details and sketches. Ferrol's activity is of the gravest kind, if, as she tells us, twenty thousand men are here building Dreadnoughts as fast as they can—with two thousand English mechanics among them, whose unfortunate insular manners have infected their native colleagues. The growth of the republican spirit in Galicia (as elsewhere in Spain) may be regarded as a corrective to this portent of young Alfonso's ambitions. Galicia and other parts of Spain are exceedingly anxious to prosper, but in the English industrial mode, not by Dreadnoughts. Soap and mineral waters are helping Galicia in this direction much more suitably. Would that our mills and factories could be carried on in such charming environments of gardens and singing birds as Galicia's workshops of La Toja and Mondariz—a hope long past praying for! Santiago, however, seems little changed, even by the impulse of a railway station. Here are the same dark, narrow streets, with rough pavements, as of old, the "sereno," the beggars with or without real ailments and with staves modelled on the holy "bordon" found in the miraculous tomb of St. James, and the same Suizo hotel, with its unpretentious exterior and its good, appetising fare at a modest and fixed tariff. A hobble skirt or two show that even in Santiago the push of life is telling in its way. One wonders what the clergy of the great cathedral have to say to penitents thus garbed—anything on the subject, or nothing? One can at least fancy them taking snuff afterwards, pensively. Religious faith in Galicia, as in Castille, is not what it was, and the Church must be increasingly cautious in its interference with the secular actions of a progressive people. The Galicians of Santiago, who nine centuries ago declined to stand too much nonsense from that great and occasionally beneficent "sacerdotal Mephistopheles," Diego Gelmires (keeping him besieged in his own cathedral for days at a time), were never a too-credulous flock. Mrs. Gallichan's "chico" of twelve, who scorned the holy water in the church-porch, and explained that "we leave these things to the women," was a significant little personage. Remembering her words about the superiority of the Gallegan women, one would like to know if he was a foundling. But perhaps he was not above humorous trifling with a stranger, like the man who assured Mrs. Gallichan's husband that "a Spaniard is never late for any enterprise." Certain of the linguistic and other errors in "Spain Revisited" are as droll as these local confidences. For example, "Hasta Mamaña," "Alfonso el Castro" (he was "casto," or chaste), and, best or worst of all—"El Corco Real," which Mrs. Gallichan believed to be the own name of a certain diligence in the comparative wilds of the Sil Valley. The writer ought to know that most Spanish diligences are, or were, also "royal mails"—el correo real. The book's black binding may mourn for such lapses.

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A PSYCHICAL NOVEL.

"The Centaur." By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan. 6s.)

On a Mediterranean steamer, bearing a mixed assortment of passengers to ports eastwards as far as Batoum, we are introduced to O'Malley, a roving Irishman and child of Nature, to Dr. Heinrich Stahl, an unconventional, imaginative speculative German scientist, and to two Russians, father and son, whose massive bulkiness, rugged faces, and "eyes of the hunted creature," give the wary reader early intimation of the psychical marvels the author has in store. O'Malley, the hero, possesses one of those primitive, swift-blooded natures whose spirit is in communion with all those "tides of Earth's huge life," which the Greeks personified in mythical forms, definite, yet mysterious, as Pan.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has buttressed his story with allusive literary materials, gathered from sources as far apart as Fechner and Dr. Verrall, Sir Oliver Lodge and Novalis, and to one type of readers the thread of metaphysical discussions on which he strings his strange incidents will appear as inartistically clumsy as to another philosophical or mystical-minded type it will appear satisfying or stimulating. For ourselves, we confess that we wish the ingredients of this literary salad, metaphysical, poetic, and scientific, had been mixed more deftly to form an aesthetic whole. A nightly symposium on the deck of the Mediterranean boat, in the haunting atmosphere of the star-lit Ionian Sea, might have prepared us better for O'Malley's final spiritual possession by the "Earth Soul" in his later, romantic wanderings in the valleys of Central Caucasus. But, as it is, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has, we think, weakened the spiritual force of his story by materialising its poetic message in the form of miraculous incidents. It is really beyond the power of even a great master to render credible the affair on the steamer in the Oro passage, when the Earth-voice rushes from "the remoter vales and glens" of the Greek shore-line, and the young Russian, with "eyes shining like stars in his young face, alight with joy and passion," cries "It is his voice! Chiron calls!" and leaps overboard, and is seen, by the receptive Irishman, swimming shorewards in the guise of a centaur! Of course, the author hints that it is the astral shape or spiritual essence of the lad that is seeking escape, and "leaping to the ancient call of the Earth's eternally young life," for, later, they find "the huddled body upon the deck, the arms outstretched, the face turned upwards to the stars"; but the scene is too patently fabricated to carry with it any thrill of supernatural awe. Mr. Blackwood's artistic machinery, in fact, is too directly in sight to secure his ends. When the German professor gets to work to discuss O'Malley's ecstatic "moment of cosmic consciousness and the limitations of normal personality," we perceive that "The Centaur" can only by courtesy be called a story: it is, in reality, a metaphysical-poetic disquisition on "the subconscious and superconscious . . . powers which so mysteriously wait upon the call of genius, inspiration, hypnotism, and the rest." O'Malley is merely a vehicle for the author's emotional, as Stahl is the vehicle for his intellectual, arguments, while the Russians, father and son, are shadows thrown by the ingenious lectures on the screen of our credibility.

And what does it all come to? the downright reader may inquire. One may rejoin that Mr. Blackwood is too intent on carrying the sceptics' camp with an inspired rush to stop and parry the hits that critics may place at will on the body of his narrative. His story stands or falls by its suggestiveness, by the new, fresh avenues of perception that waver before our eyes, by its message that there are channels in us "open to the tides of larger existence." When O'Malley's revelation on the steamer's deck brings to him "a definite and instant merging with the being of the Earth herself," he has, of course, got no further than many a poet has attained, and the metaphysical language of the German professor—as, for example, "last night, regions of your extended self, too distant for most men to realise their existence at all, contacted the consciousness of the Earth herself. She bruised you, and via that bruise caught you up into her greater Self. You experienced a genuine cosmic reaction"—does not let us into the secret of an "extension of consciousness," as does, say, Richard Jefferies or Walt Whitman in certain passages of genius. Mr. Blackwood, in

fact, is driven back upon the "realm half-divined by saints and poets," the Golden Age, for his larger Consciousness to set itself free from the cramping vexations of our civilisation's "machine-made gods." A page characteristic of our author's manner and mode of attack will best exemplify the difficulty of his undertaking and the measure of his success and failure:

"The Simple Life! This new interpretation of it at first overwhelmed. The eyes of his soul turned wild with glory; the passion that o'er-runs the world in desolate places was his; his, too, the strength of rushing rivers that coursed their parent's being. He shared the terror of the mountains and the singing of the sweet Spring rains. The spread wonders of the woods of the world lay imprisoned and explained in the daily hurry of his very blood. He understood, because he felt, the power of the ocean tides; and flitting to and fro through the tenderer regions of his extended self, danced the fragrance of all the wild flowers that ever blew. That strange allegory of man, the microcosm, and earth, the macrocosm—became a sudden blazing reality. The feverish distress, unrest, and vanity, of modern life was due to the distance men had travelled from the soul of the world; away from large simplicity into the pettier state they deemed so proudly progress.

"Out of the transliminal depths of their newly-awakened consciousness rose the pelt and thunder of these magical and enormous cosmic sensations—the pulse and throb of the planetary life where his little self had fringed her own. Those untamed profundities in himself that walked alone, companionless among modern men, suffering an eternal nostalgia, at last knew the approach to satisfaction. For when the inner catastrophe completed itself and escape should come—that transfer of the conscious centre across the threshold into the vaster region stimulated by the Earth—all his longings would be housed at last like housing birds, nestled in the gentle places his yearnings all these years had lovingly built for them—in a living Nature! The fever of modern life, the torture and unrest of a false external civilisation that trained the brain while it still left woes and baseness in the heart, would drop from him like the symptoms of some fierce disease. The God of speed and mechanism that ruled the world to-day, urging men at ninety miles an hour to enter a Heaven where material gain was only a little sublimated and not utterly denied, would pass for the nightmare that it really was. In its place the cosmic life of undifferentiated simplicity, clean and sweet and big, would hold his soul in its truly everlasting arms."

The reader may, of course, complain that there is too much "fine writing" in "The Centaur," and that if scores of passages, as vague as the second paragraph of the above quotation, were cut clean away from the book, we should all be the gainers. This is true. A weakness of "The Centaur" is that the author has tried to grasp after too many things at once, and his main text that "the inner life is the Reality," seems to conflict with the Rousseauism of his advocacy of the Simple Life. After O'Malley has reached the Central Range in Imerethia with his Georgian guide, there is vouchsafed to him new, wonderful perceptions of "vast, deific figures," while "all the forgotten gods" hover round him, stately and immense, and he himself, after a fortuitous meeting with "the big Russian" in the heart of the mountains, in a waking dream passes into the Soul Life of Earth, and becomes one of a herd of Centaurs! Is it necessary, we wonder, thus to materialise the Greek myth, especially when O'Malley's exit from Arcadia has to be accounted for by a call from his "old" outer self to "save the world by bringing it back to simple things"? When O'Malley returns from the realms of "Earth's greater consciousness" to the ordinary world, he enters on a "mad campaign," and preaches his mystical doctrine of the Simple Life, "wildly, one-sidedly, in or out of season, knowing no half-measures." This last chapter is one of the least convincing in the book. Certainly it disposes of the hero, who dies of a broken heart, but one feels that Mr. Blackwood has given himself unnecessary trouble. After all, the whole meaning and message of "The Centaur" could be better conveyed by two minutes of Beethoven than by two hours' reading. Would it not, therefore, be best to find a literary form which makes no demand upon our credulity, say, that of a dialogue, or even a prose poem?

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[January 27, 1912.]

friends. In a modest introduction, the Duke prepares us for a somewhat richer feast than is eventually served; but that is not his fault. The second Duke was a charming person, and looked the part to admiration. He moved in a splendid setting amid a more or less romantic environment; but he was not interesting. He was the grandson of Charles II., but he was not wicked; he was the grandson of Louise de Kérouaille, but he inherited little of her magnetic power. He made a romantic marriage, and was one of the Kit-Kats when that Club was at the height of its fame; he knew Walpole, Pulteney, Chesterfield, and Hervey well; he fought at Dettingen, and served in the '45, yet he has nothing to tell us about any of these things. Like Lord George Bentinck, he entered politics as a duty, not so much to his party, which needed no assistance, but to his station and his exchequer, which needed a richer endowment. His real sympathies and enthusiasms were all with horses and hounds. He was fond of cricket, too, and of all the traditions of English country life. He was a successful grand seigneur and founder of a county seat, Goodwood, a good father (Charles Fox was a grandson, and the beautiful Lady Sarah was, we know, nearly a queen, but preferred to be "a mother of heroes"), and a good friend. Chesterfield had such a sense of his discernment that he wrote to Richmond to procure him a *cordon bleu*. Hervey wrote to him about the opera, Gay, and Pope, and the matches of the season. "The marriages of Bears, Tygers, Wolves, and Monkeys," he writes, in Gulliverian vein, "would certainly do for a representation of half the conjugal performances in the kingdom." The Duchess of Portsmouth, to whose charms the fortunes of the house were due, appears in these pages in the becoming guise of a penitent. If the Earl elects, as we hope he may, to go still further back and to give us a full length of his fair and frail progenitress, it is to be hoped that he will be more generous in the matter of photogravures. As an instalment towards the social portraiture of England, from 1715 to 1750, these two agreeably miscellaneous volumes well deserve the patronage of a benevolent perusal.

* * *

"*The Life of Cesare Borgia.*" By RAFAEL SABATINI.
(Stanley Paul, 16s. net.)

MR. SABATINI begs critics "not to impute it to him that he has set out with the express aim" of whitewashing the family of Borgia. His aim is, he tells us, to remove "the foulness of inference, of surmise, of deliberate and cold-blooded malice, with which centuries of scribblers, idle, fantastic, sensational, or venal, have coated the substance of known facts." In the process of removal some high historical authorities are treated with scant ceremony. Thus Burckhardt, whose "*Cultur der Renaissance in Italien*" is pronounced by Acton to be "the most penetrating and subtle treatise on the history of civilisation that exists in literature," is charged by Mr. Sabatini with following "the well-worn path of unrestrained invective against the Borgias," and with "giving to the usual empty assertions the place which should be assigned to evidence and argument." The account given by Gregorovius—another historian deserving of some respect—of the conquest of the Romagna is said by our author to be "as full of contradictions as any man must be who does not sift out the truth and rigidly follow it in his writings." After this, it is not surprising to find Villari rebuked for speaking slightly of Mr. Sabatini's hero, and censured for an uncritical repetition of the opinions of others. The fact is that Mr. Sabatini has allowed his indignation against the notion of the Borgias made current by Hugo and Dumas to carry him too far. He leaves out many of the dark lines in his picture, with the result that we can hardly recognise the Cesare of history—the man of whom his own father said that his presence among the clergy was enough to prevent their reformation—in the portrait Mr. Sabatini gives us.

* * *

"*The Wife of General Bonaparte.*" By JOSEPH TURQUAN.
Translated by VIOLETTE MONTAGU. (Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)

M. TURQUAN has made a special study of Napoleon's relations with women, and in the volume now translated he sets himself to give an impartial estimate of Josephine's

conduct during the years that preceded the Empire. But if M. Turquan professes impartiality, his real object seems to have been to demolish the legend which depicts her as a pathetic and almost blameless wife, sacrificed to Napoleon's ambition. It is not difficult to show that the Josephine of "A Royal Divorce" never existed. She was admittedly indolent, extravagant, thoughtless, an unfaithful wife, and a sower of dissensions among those around her. She spent more than half a million of francs beyond her allowances every year, and it is on record that she bought thirty-eight new bonnets in a single month. To speak, as M. Turquan does, of "her incomprehensible frivolousness" is perfectly justifiable; but he exaggerates a little when he charges her with "incurable heartlessness." That is an accusation which might be brought with more justice against Marie Louise, and, seeing both in the perspective of history, most people will prefer the warm-hearted, if fickle, Josephine to her neutral and impassive successor. The translation is capably done, though we wish that some of the marks of exclamation—a form of punctuation better suited to French than to English—had been omitted.

The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning.	Price Friday morning.
		January 19.	January 26.
Consols	...	77½	77½
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Russian Fours	...	95	94½
Union Pacific	...	171½	172

THE publication last Saturday of the official terms of agreement for the "fusion" of London Tubes with London General Omnibus set the market thinking, and very soon the prices of both, which had been forced upwards by speculation, began to fall. I have never seen any reason to think that the speculative rise of the last few weeks was justified, or that the fusion would result in the establishment of monopoly rates, or, indeed, of any unusual profits. Apart from this, the Stock Exchange has not had much excitement. Probably, the Foreign Market has been the gloomiest. Chinese Bonds are now falling, and likely to fall more, for the civil war seems quite likely to go on for weeks, if not for months. Argentines have been flat, chiefly through forced realisations by French bankers of the last Argentine issue, which did not tempt the public, being at too high a price. The issue is not dealt in on the London Market; but the sales have injured other Argentine loans, while the trouble with Paraguay and the damage done to crops have also been injurious to prices. The American Market has been in a lifeless condition for weeks. The stagnation of business and speculation is certainly due in part to the nervousness inspired by the political menace in the breasts of Wall Street magnates. The latest form of expression which popular animosity against Trusts and the Money Power has taken is in the movement at Washington for "a probe" of the "Money Trust." And this deserves a separate paragraph.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1911.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
CAPITAL—		£	s. d.
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	...	420,000	0 0
215,000 Shares of £60 each, £12 paid	...	2,580,000	0 0
		3,000,000	0 0
RESERVE FUND	...	2,150,000	0 0
		5,150,000	0 0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	...	62,891,547	18 3
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers	...	923,326	6 1
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—			
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £96,378 12s. 4d. brought from year 1910	...	£747,681	12 7
Less Interim Dividend, 9 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750) paid in Aug. last	£270,000	0 0	
"Dividend of 9 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750) payable 6th Feb. next	270,000	0 0	
Applied to writing down Investments	16,000	0 0	
Balance carried forward to 1912	...	81,881	12 7
		£69,056,555	16 11

Cash at Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches	9,676,141	15	5
Money at Call and Short Notice	6,093,171	4	5
	15,769,312	19	8

INVESTMENTS—			
English Government Securities (Of which £115,500 is lodged for public accounts)	7,807,227	3	4
Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation, and Waterworks Stocks	6,552,859	2	2
Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments	1,121,921	7	5
BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c.	15,482,007	12	11
LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra	36,195,417	13	10
BANK PREMISES in London and Country	923,326	6	1
	686,491	4	5

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[January 27, 1912.]

beginning with zest to seek out unseen combinations. In the elegant language of a Boston paper, "other trust-busters than those now probing the anatomy of the steel industry are seeking to ferret out, with a view to regulation, how bank moneys are piled together and credits are apportioned, and how ship sailings and rates are manipulated." By the term "Money Trust" is to be understood what is called in polite circles "a harmony of interests." This harmony, "entirely informal," is associated, according to the "Journal of Commerce," with J. P. Morgan & Co., the National City Bank, Standard Oil interests, the First National Bank and the Chase National, the Bank of Commerce, and the various minor banking institutions which these major interests dominate. I have heard a New York banker say that hardly a bank director is appointed in New York City without Mr. Morgan's approval. But how the harmony works may be seen by following out a few "affiliations." Thus Mr. Frank Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, is also a director in the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in the National Bank of Commerce, and the Riggs National Bank of Washington. He is a director of the New York Clearing House Association, and member of the Clearing House Committee. Mr. James Stillman, the Chairman of the National City Bank, is a director in the Citizens' Central National Bank, in the Hanover National Bank, the Lincoln National Bank, the New York Trust Company, the Newport Trust Company, the Riggs National Bank of Washington, and the United States Trust Company, besides being a Trustee of the Bowery Savings Bank. Vice-President Samuel D. McRoberts, of the National City Bank, is a director of the Bank of the Metropolis and of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago. Cleveland H. Dodge, of Phelps-Dodge & Co., a director of the National City Bank, is also a director of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co. and of the New York Life, Insurance, and Trust Co. Henry C. Frick, another director of the National City Bank, is also a director of the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh and of the City Deposit Bank of Pittsburgh. Joseph P. Grace, another National City Bank Director, is also director of several savings banks and Trust companies. Of such is the "Money Trust."

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Though the majority of the dividends so far declared have been at the same rates as at this time last year—which was in accordance with the general run of Market expectation—the Brighton announcement created a surprise. Brighton Deferred had risen to about 105 in anticipation of a distribution of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against $4\frac{1}{2}$ last year. There were some misgivings during December, estimates frequently being so low as 5 per cent., and the declaration on Wednesday of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. realised the highest hopes that had been formed. Brighton "A" rose to about $107\frac{1}{2}$ on the announcement, and remains about this price. As this includes the whole of the dividend now declared, the yield is very nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—the highest return in the market at present. The rise in net revenue which this dividend indicates improves the security of Brighton Preferred Ordinary Stock, whose dividend is now covered by a margin of some £360,000 per annum. The present price of the stock is 132, giving a yield of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This is a good investment security. In 1907, before the dividend on the Deferred had been reduced from 5 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., its price touched 152. The Great Northern dividend, which will be declared during this afternoon, may give as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the Deferred Stock, which would make the return 5 per cent. or more. Great Northern Four per Cent. Preferred Ordinary stands at about 90, yielding just $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Its dividend, however, is not covered by so large a margin as is Brighton Preferred. Midland Two and a-Half per Cent. Preferred is covered by the dividend on nearly £39,000,000 of Deferred Stock, which, on the basis of the last two half-years, was $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The dividend on the Preferred has therefore a margin of £1,500,000 per annum. The yield is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the price is naturally very steady. At the present level of $62\frac{1}{2}$ cum dividend, it is very nearly as low as it has ever been. To turn to the more speculative stocks, we may show the yields at present prices on the latest dividends declared. At the time of writing, only the Brighton, South Eastern, and Metropolitan latest declara-

tions alter the yields on the basis of the last two half-years:—

	Div.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
Great Central '89 Pref.	4	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 14 9
Great Eastern Ord.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	4 16 6
Great Northern Defd.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 10 0
Great Western	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	120	4 18 0
Lancs. and Yorks.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	95	4 18 0
Brighton Defd.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	108	5 8 0
Chatham 1st Pref.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 0 0
London and N. Western Ord.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	138	4 18 0
London and S. Western Ord.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	136	4 9 6
Metropolitan	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 3 6
Midland Defd.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 0
N. Eastern Consols	6	125	5 0 0
South Eastern Defd.	2	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 14 0

Home Railway yields ten years ago were much below the return from second-rate foreign bonds; now the position is reversed. Midland Deferred, for instance, yield nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and there is no fear whatever of the forthcoming dividend being at a lower rate than that of last year. Of course, the history of Home Railways in the meantime has not been inspiring; but a great improvement has taken place during this time, and the dividends now being paid are being earned. We know now that, ten years ago, some of the dividends paid were not earned. The only disagreeable feature with regard to Home Railway Ordinary Stock at the present time is the labor position. How much the wages bill is going to cost in future is an unknown quantity, and as the cost of coal is 90 per cent. labor, the railways stand to lose in both directions. The higher dividends of the past two years, however, have been paid nearly as much from more economical working as from increased receipts, and there is still room for improvement in this direction.

IRISH LAND STOCK.

I have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent at Brighton:—

"Sir,—With reference to your article on "Trustee Yields" in last week's issue of THE NATION, you have omitted to notice the certain action of the Sinking Funds for Irish Land Stocks, which will pay the Stocks off at par after 1933 for the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock, and after 1939 for the 3 per cent. In Section 45 of the Irish Land Act of 1903, it is provided that the tenant buying land under advances from the Government shall pay £3 5s. per cent., £2 15s. of which goes for interest and 10s. for Sinking Fund. Similarly, under Section 1 of the Act of 1909, the tenant will pay £3 10s. per cent., of which £3 will meet interest on money raised under that Act, and 10s. will go to the Sinking Fund. So I think that it should be pointed out that not only does $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Irish Land Stock pay £3 11s., as a permanent $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock at $77\frac{1}{2}$ would do, but there is the absolute certainty of repayment at par in this generation or the next. It would be interesting to find out by what date the Treasury actuaries estimate the stocks will be redeemed. Taking this ultimate redemption into account, the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock is better to buy at the present price than the 3 per cent. Stock. The $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Guaranteed Land Stock, issued under the Act of 1891, of which about £12,000,000 is still outstanding, will be paid off by 1941, according to an answer given in the House of Commons on August 14th last to a question raised by Mr. Fell."

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.. 30	415	759	368	592
.. 40	311	568	345	458
.. 50	223	398	283	338

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1911.

	LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
CAPITAL—Subscribed	£14,000,000	£ s. d.		
700,000 Shares of £20 each, £5 paid	3,500,000	0 0		
RESERVE	4,050,000			
Transferred to Investment Accounts (Depreciation)	50,000			
	4,000,000	0 0		
CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS	80,900,185	17 11		
CIRCULAR NOTES, LETTERS OF CREDIT, COMMISSION LOANS, AND OTHER ACCOUNTS, including provision for contingencies	1,505,110	1 0		
ACCEPTANCES FOR CUSTOMERS	5,300,300	15 1		
LIABILITY BY ENDORSEMENT (Bills negotiated for Customers)	18,107	10 11		
Contingent Liability on Endorsements	£72,275			
REBATE on Bills not due	84,730	10 5		
PROFIT AND LOSS BALANCE, as below...	515,641	0 8		
This statement does not include the Bank's liability under its guarantee to the Yorkshire Penny Bank, Limited, for £223,214.				
	£66,094,148	2 6		

Dr.	PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	Cr.
To Interest paid to Customers	£ s. d.	
" Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	1,146,428	4 9
" Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	84,730	10 5
" Interim Dividend of 10½ per cent. paid in August last	371,875	0 0
" Investment Accounts (Depreciation)	130,000	0 0
" Bank Premises Account	50,000	0 0
" Further Dividend of 10½ per cent., payable 1st February next (making 2½ per cent. for the year)	371,875	0 0
" Balance carried forward	143,766	0 8
	515,641	0 8
	£3,027,245	19 5
		£3,027,245 19 5

GOSCHEN,
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F. W. HOWETT, } Joint
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T. J. CARPENTER, Chief Accountant.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury and Lombard Street, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand at Lothbury and Lombard Street and at the Bank of England and the Bills Discounted, and examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and those representing the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 15th January, 1912.

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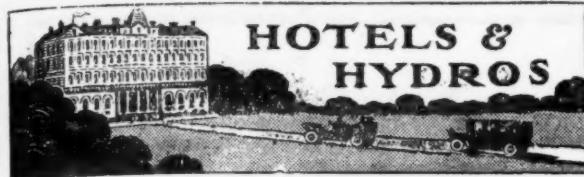
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The Nation

Reviews.

MR. STURGE MOORE'S NEW POEMS.

"A Sicilian Idyll" and "Judith" By T. STURGE MOORE. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)

THE judicious do not need to be advised that a new book of poems by Mr. Sturge Moore is likely to be worth reading. There are not many living names nowadays which can be taken as a warranty that everything they sign will be marked by peculiar and unmistakable excellence; but Mr. Sturge Moore's name is certainly one of them. For this is a poet whose work is perhaps more truly modern than any other poetry which is being written to-day. It does not, to be sure, attempt to deal directly with any of the problems that distress and divide the modern mind; nor is its technique anything revolutionary. But just as its technique is but the traditional genius of English verse informed by a consistently individual consciousness, profoundly adapted to the requirements of an unusually personal vision, so also is the material of this poetry traditional—old legends, old symbols of human experience, long buried moments of vanished history; but this material is used as it could not have been used at any other time. If Mr. Moore goes back to Greece for substance and imagery, he does not give us a symbolic recreation of Hellenic ideas, nor even merely the essential "beauty" of the symbol; he gives us that indeed, yet also the symbol as deeply charged with significance as it was in Greece—charged anew with the significance which it would have had if it had been imagined for the first time to-day. Suppose the mythopoetic faculty had not been destroyed in man; and suppose that the half-conscious reflections on existence which were imaged and represented in Greece by centaurs could be so imaged to-day; they would certainly not be the same reflections, though they would be of the same order, and the centaurs representing them—the centaurs, say, of Wales or the Lake Mountains—would similarly be not altogether the same as the centaurs of Thessaly—in fact, they would be Mr. Sturge Moore's centaurs. This instance will serve to show the kind of modernity Mr. Moore gives us, a kind not easy to characterise, but perhaps a profounder than any other. If, however, Mr. Moore's work is the work of a man remarkably influenced (it may be unconsciously) by his own time, it is also the work of a poet who can, when it is needed, perfectly resist his own time. No other poetry to-day is more triumphantly free from that hasty inconsiderateness which has damaged such a leal of admirable promise.

But criticism will do better not to insist too much on the modernity of Mr. Sturge Moore's poetry, for this is, as it were, an accidental quality. It will be wise to look for the essential quality which produces that fortunate accident. It is interesting to compare this work with, for instance, Victorian poetry. The best and most typical Victorian poetry seems almost as if it were poetry trying to go as far as possible without thinking; and it does, of course, contrive to go wonderfully far. But nothing could be more removed from this than Mr. Moore's poetry; we certainly would not say that it is on the whole superior, but it is as certainly superior in the one quality Victorian poetry lacked; just as it has also a complementary defect. The two main passions animating Victorian poetry were sensuous and emotional; but Mr. Moore's work is managed by sensuous and intellectual passion. Of the purely emotional, Mr. Moore gives us but little; but of this we ought not to complain, unless we are of the party that complains of any poet who does not equal the half-dozen supreme ones—the poets who have perfectly controlled in mighty verse the complete trinity of poetic passion, sensuous, intellectual, and emotional. We need not attend to such complaints. It

is enough that in Mr. Moore's poetry we have a singular instance of Wordsworth's noble (though incomplete) description—that poetry "is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"—Wordsworth's science being a bigger matter, of course, than, say, Professor Karl Pearson's; and in the case of Mr. Moore's poetry, this "science," seldom obviously, and never nakedly appearing, is, broadly, the present state of man's doubtful knowledge of himself.

But, as far as poetry itself is concerned, even more important than the "science" is the fact that it must be "impassioned"; and the passion that utters whatever has to be uttered is, strictly speaking, nothing else than the style of the utterance. Here the intellectual passion becomes inextricably fused with the passion for sensuous beauty; and it is just the exquisite fusing of the two passions in the actual utterance that gives Mr. Moore's poetry its unusual distinction. Here, in this latest volume of his, we have two poems, both finely characteristic of the author, and both therefore contributions of the highest importance to contemporary literature. Neither, at first sight, offers any particular likelihood of modernity. The one, "Judith," gives dramatic form to one of the grandest, most moving, and at the same time most savage, of all antique legends. The other, "A Sicilian Idyll," captures something much less definite, and perhaps even more remote, the atmosphere of Greek colonial civilisation, apparently in its decadence. It is obvious that both poems give admirable opportunities for sensuous imagery; profuse Babylonian splendor in "Judith," delicacy and tact in love with nature (after the Theocritean style) in the "Sicilian Idyll." And it is quite impossible to read either of these poems without feeling one's imagination exquisitely enriched by sensuous suggestion enclosed in poetry of beautiful scrupulousness. "Suggestion," we say, because the sensuous element is never thrust forward in patches, but rather is woven into the whole texture. Here is an instance of it: a description of a pleasant-mannered, good-hearted, useless roysterer:—

"The life that in such fellows runs to waste
Is like a gust that pulls about spring trees
And spoils your hope of fruit, while it delights
The sense with bloom and odor scattered, mingled
With salt spume savours from a crested offing."

Or take this for an example of a few words intensely empowered by sheer pictorial force:—

"The god Apollo never
Burst through a cloud with more ease than thy son
Poured from his homespun garb
The rapid glory of his naked limbs."

"A Sicilian Idyll" contains several passages of sustained description, all subdued to the general harmony, but too long to quote. Readers who keep to the old custom of emphasising enjoyment with pencil-marks, will certainly score the description of a valley opening to the sea, and that of the naked lad leaping from rock to rock on the shore. The sensuous impression given by "Judith," on the other hand, is not one of a series of sharp, brilliantly lit pictures, but rather, and very fittingly, a sort of dim, suffused gorgeousness; exactly how it is imparted it is not easy to say, for Mr. Moore's phrasing, though often enough keen with unexpected beauty, is never gorgeous. The effect here, indeed, is due to a consistent, carefully and subtly considered movement of half-hidden suggestions.

Both the "Sicilian Idyll" and "Judith," then, may be taken as successful instances of the poetic evocation of that state of human consciousness which we call "the past"; and this, assuredly, is something considerable. But if this were all they were, we should not have written of Mr. Moore and his work as we have done in the beginning of this article. The legend of Judith is, as we have said, a savage business; and it is this very savagery which Mr. Moore has used to make his "Judith" a genuinely modern poem; for the intellectual problem which his art has here

determined to solve is not what the Judith of the legend would have thought about murdering Holofernes, but what Judith as she might be to-day would think of such a treacherous affair. Indeed, it is much more than this. The problem slowly broadens and deepens till it becomes the tremendous one of righteousness imperiously urging a pure spirit to commit a crime; for a crime—and a hateful crime—it would certainly otherwise be, and is perhaps even still a crime, in spite of the divine impulsion. And behind this hides, unexpressed, the dark doubt whether (comfortless paradox!) any deed can truly be considered as ultimately good or bad. Far enough from the Apocrypha this, but close enough to us. This, moreover, the intellectual kernel of Mr. Moore's tragedy, is mated to excellently adequate poetry:—

"Alas! I am alone,
Alone in this huge night.
Ah! what am I to do?
The most that can be done, the best, is like
A single point of light, a lonely star;
Yea, this deed which so cries on me to do it
Will be for clearness but one fevered lamp;
And all my life obscure, and all the lives
Of those I live among, quite lustreless;
Darkness in which this throbbing act of blood
Demands to shine.—O God, it is Thy will,
Thou didst create the evil and the good.
Pour Thou Thy strength into my weakness now;
Pierce Thou my life's obscurity at once!
Now is the time to help me, now, at once—
For all around me sleep thine enemies."

"To have stripped off my clothes before that man,
Whom wine had heated and whose god is vile,
Could not have caused more terror to my soul
Than now, before my hard unshaking purpose,
To bare this blade.
O cruelty,
Ravish not thou my heart!
I have been praised for loving tenderness."

So, when the play ends, the tragedy of it has not ended. Nevertheless, the character of Judith, effective and memorable though it is, is yet, in another sense, the weakness of the play as a piece of art; for between this sensitive, agonised Judith and the undisguisable stark lineaments of the legend itself there is a serious incongruity. But there seems no help for that; and certainly, as a play, Mr. Moore's "Judith" is admirably constructed—how admirably perhaps only a stage performance could show; and that on the English stage, at any rate, is probably a long way off. The humor introduced is not quite convincing, though pleasant as far as it goes. The drunken conduct of Holofernes just before his murder might have been a situation of almost Shakespearean irony; but that would require more abandon than Mr. Moore permits himself.

In "A Sicilian Idyll," criticism can object to not the slightest incongruity of any kind; the machinery of the poem is of the poet's own devising, and it is all perfectly adjusted to a single end. The humor here is an essential element in the whole, as essential as the fine contrasts of character, the nature imagery, and the general significance. It is, indeed, an extraordinarily fascinating poem; there is nothing with which it can be exactly compared. The significance is not forced in the least; yet no one can read this wonderfully suggestive rendering of a bygone civilisation without perceiving that it is as modern a poem as one dealing with engines and the social revolution could be. The stormy revoler against things in general, who is the human centre of the poem, is not the only person who speaks directly to us; all the persons, the ageing, placid pair of lovers, the wanton, roysterer jester, careless of anything but to live in a jest, and the bridal couple, all somehow give covert assistance to the "*de te fabula*." Delphis, indeed, the revoler, the wilfully homeless wanderer, the "ragged follower of Pythagoras," speaks with an unmistakable voice:—

"Yet wearied peoples each in turn awake
From virtue, as a man from his brief love,
And, roughly shaken, face the useless truth:
No answer to brute fact has ere been found."

And will dreams, acquiescence in illusion, help us against this truth, this useless truth? "Our dreams?" says Delphis:—

"They strike down on us from the top of Heaven,
Bear us up in their talons, up and up,
Drop us: we fall, are crippled, maimed for life."

"Our dreams? nay, we are theirs for sport, for prey,
And life is the King Eagle,
The strongest, highest flyer, from whose clutch
The fall is fatal always."

Yet it is only for critical convenience that we can separate this intellectual spirit from the body of the poem. For just as it is only a psychological convenience to perceive ourselves as body and spirit, so also in a fine poem neither body nor spirit is truly separable; but the whole is actually a completely organised unity. There may be some who do not greatly care that a poem should be "modern"; and if they mean that poetry is a more important thing than modernity, they have some right on their side. But they would be wonderfully mistaken if they missed reading "A Sicilian Idyll"; for, whatever one may say of it, what is not to be doubted is that it is a piece of completely organised poetic unity; a thing made of tragedy and gaiety, humor and pathos, passionate questioning of the "brute fact" of human existence and passionate, unquestioning delight in the radiant beauty of life's surroundings; withal, a thing throughout distinguished by earnest beauty of phrasing and a very personal modelling of the verse.

L. A.

TWO HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND.

"**A Short History of the Scottish People.**" By DONALD MACMILLAN, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"**Scotland.**" By ROBERT S. RAIT, Fellow and Tutor of New College. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE history of Scotland is almost unknown to the general public in England, and is not well known North of the Tweed, where Presbyterian tradition colors the popular books on the subject. The Rev. Dr. Macmillan, following the example of Mr. J. R. Green, styles his book "A Short History of the Scottish People," but in reality four-fifths of the volume are devoted to the usual political and personal history of the nation and of its heroes and heroines. Dr. Macmillan explains that his book of 470 pages is meant to fill the gap between "large productions extending to three or four volumes" (such as the Histories by Professor Hume Brown and myself), and "small volumes," mainly school-books. "An ever-growing number of intelligent readers have neither the time nor the inclination to peruse the large histories" (such as the great work of Fraser Tytler), and for this class Dr. Macmillan writes. He has made "full use," he says, of Professor Hume Brown's book and of my own. That is very manifest in some passages; in others it is plain that I have not succeeded in enlightening Dr. Macmillan. He says that "after the new faith was established, toleration was generally practised" (p. 270). The intelligent reader who accepts this will be perfectly ignorant of the grinding and relentless persecution by deprivation of religious rites, by fines, the pillory, civil disabilities, excommunication equivalent to outlawry, and exile, which all but extirpated the old faith in Scotland. A Jesuit critic of Irish birth, has said that Scottish history is usually "a compilation of omissions"; for example, we know, on Knox's authority, that the Brethren, when they occupied Perth in April, 1559, denounced death against every priest who celebrated mass. Dr. Macmillan omits the circumstance, and really I do not remember that any other historian, myself excepted, is more candid. If Dr. Macmillan had "made full use" of my book, he would have known the nature of Presbyterian toleration. Indeed, perhaps he does know it; for on the very page in which he writes that "toleration was generally practised," he says that "Christendom in the sixteenth century had no notion of toleration as we understand it." Dr. Macmillan is able to quote Mr. Hume Brown on the "tolerance" of reformed Scotland: "We do not find neighbor denouncing neighbor on the ground of a different faith." In that case, who did denounce Catholics to the civil power? Nay, who denounced the Rev. Mr. Greenshield in 1710 for merely using the English liturgy? Mr. Greenshield was for long imprisoned, in the time of Queen Anne, for his offence. Dr. Macmillan states this candidly. Why is he less frank about the persecution of Catholics? "It would be a mistake," he says, "to blame the new faith for fostering the belief" in

witchcraft: "it certainly did not create it." Of course it did not; but it was the Parliament of 1563 which passed the statute condemning witches to death, and if Dr. Macmillan knows an earlier statute to the same effect, he knows more than I do. He appears to think that the Government of the Restoration inflicted the English liturgy on the suffering people. "If they had imposed a moderate form of it" (episcopacy) "and refused to sanction the Book of Canons or the Liturgy which Charles I. had vainly tried to introduce . . . they would have shown true statesmanship" (p. 379). But, of course, no liturgy was introduced. Here and in other passages, as when (p. 35) he seems to confuse the Scottish rule by which the Crown alternated between the two branches of the Royal family with "the Pictish law of succession," Dr. Macmillan shows that he has not "made full use" of "the large and especially the more modern histories." The Pictish crown passed in the female line.

"It is the History of the People that he has endeavored to portray," "the social conditions that prevailed at different times." Now, in forty chapters there are, I reckon, eight on the conditions of society; but in these I have remarked nothing novel, nothing that cannot be found in the large histories that "the ever-growing number of intelligent readers" have neither the time nor the inclination to peruse. The originality of Dr. Macmillan's book, therefore, appears to consist in giving these social sketches in a book of only 470 pages. But this does not make it a "History of the Scottish People." Dr. Macmillan might have culled from Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba" plenty of entertaining information about manners and beliefs in every-day Highland life in the period of the Saint, or at least of his biographer. He makes scarcely any use of these materials. In Chapter V., on "Early Social Conditions," his sources are mainly archaeological; but he draws nothing from the recent excavations of the Roman station at Newstead. He might, with little peril, have constructed a glowing picture of Scottish life at a very early period, from the ancient Irish epics or romances of the Cuchulainn cycle; for the Scottish and Irish civilisations in the period when chariotry was used in place of cavalry were closely akin. On the dwellings, such as crannogs, brochs, and subterranean houses, Dr. Macmillan leaves nothing to be desired; but crannogs are common enough in regions far north and south of Strathclyde, from Loch Oich to Galloway. Dress he illustrates from sculptured stones; of the complex subject of early land tenure, he gives no details.

A deeply interesting book might probably be written about the history of the Scottish People—the intimate domestic history—by an author whose imagination was poetic, and who had devoted much industry to the collection of revealing hints from every possible source. But Dr. Macmillan appears to me to neglect many such revealing hints in "The Complaint of Scotland," for example; in Lyndsay's "Satire of the Three Estates"; in Dunbar and Henryson; in old books of travel; in passages from the letter-writers of the sixteenth century; in the Register of the Privy Council; in chance words of Wodrow and Nimmo; in Johnston of Waristoun's religious Journal (what a journal! what a religion!); in the Treasury accounts; *enfin* in a hundred sources, ballads, Border papers, songs (English and Gaelic), reports of trials—everything. In all this you have materials for an intimate and domestic history of the Scottish People, "as interesting as a novel." But Dr. Macmillan has not written this book, nor anything like it. For a late period, Mr. Henry Gray Graham has written it. For the rest, Dr. Macmillan has produced an ordinary short, general History of Scotland, with chapters on manners, customs, the Lords of the Articles, administration and justice, the burghs, trade, and so forth, much as usual. It is not a history of the life of the people; it wants detail, lacks imagination, lacks vivacity, and abounds in omissions. Dr. Macmillan, however, is by no means a truculent historian; he keeps his temper and is fair, "at least as far as he is able." He has the fortitude to assert that "the object of the Rye House Plot was to prevent the succession of James II. to the throne." I know the source, very modern indeed, from which he took that view of the case. As Jeanne d'Arc said, "Mon Dieu, comme vous parlez doucement!" Dr. Macmillan, if I may say so without courtesy, is an amateur.

Mr. Rait's "Scotland" (in a series, "The Making of

the Nations") contains 312 pages, and is illustrated by some photographs of good and some of bad portraits, sites, tombs, and edifices, with maps. As he says, he has mainly dwelt on the period of the dynasty of Malcolm Ceannmor, on the War of Independence, and on "the long religious struggle" (1550-1689). He hopes to return, in a larger work, to constitutional and administrative development. Thus his sketch of the earlier times is very brief, though very lucid. His battle-pieces in the earlier pages are spirited; later, such pictures are almost crowded out. He quotes pregnant passages from original authorities often, and very effectively, and does more credit than Dr. Macmillan to the patriotism and energy of the clergy—Catholic, of course—who, during Bruce's struggle, defied both England and Rome in the cause of liberty; he understands better than Dr. Macmillan appears to do the reasons which forbade James V. to trust Henry VIII., he explains the intolerable weapon of the Scottish Presbyterian tyranny—the right to outlaw men by excommunication; but his account of the Reformation is too brief—only six pages for the events from 1554 to 1565. Seven lines suffice for the Gowrie Conspiracy; "James's story, whether true or false, is improbable." No story of such events could be probable, and the version of the friends of Gowrie is demonstrably false. The dealings of James VI. with the Kirk, tortuous as they were, are lucidly explained. The whole of his important reign, with that of Charles I., is treated fully, brightly, and with some originality, mainly from the point of view of Baillie the letter-writer. Montrose is handled with sympathy, as by Mr. Gardiner. In the period of the Restoration, the difficulties of government are not blinked, though it is not apparent to me that the "Resolutioners," the milder party of Covenanters, would have accepted "moderate Presbyterianism." The later period, from 1688 to the Disruption, is rather sketchily handled, and Jacobite affairs are "stinted in their sizings"; but Mr. Rait does not say, like Dr. Macmillan, that the left wing of the Highlanders suffered most at Culloden! Mr. Rait's book is admirably readable. His theory that there was no antagonism—say, in Bruce's time—between the Gaelic speaking and English speaking sections of the population is unconvincing; but the evidence is scanty. This book is, as far as my knowledge goes, the best compendious account of the History of Scotland.

A. LANG.

MODERN IDEALS IN THE GERMAN THEATRE.

- "**Max Reinhardt.**" Von SIEGFRIED JACOBSON. (Berlin: E. Reiss. 5m.)
- "**Die neue Shakespearebühne des Münchner Hoftheaters.**" Von GEHRARD AMUNDSEN. (Munich: Süddeutsche Illustrations-Centrale. 2m.)
- "**Moderne Regie: ein Buch für Theaterfreunde.**" Von MAX ALBERTY. (Frankfort: Englert und Schlosser. 3m. 50.)
- "**Die ethische Aufgabe der Schaubühne.**" Von MAX MARTERSTEIG. (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1m.)

THE encouraging interest which is being taken in this country in the art of the theatre, justifies us, we believe, in discussing a few recent books dealing with the movements and ideas which are inspiring the German theatre of to-day. To the outside observer, foreign happenings have necessarily to assume some magnitude before they force themselves on his attention, and when that does happen, he often, owing to his ignorance of the earlier developments, finds himself puzzled to explain the phenomena that have suddenly come into his field of vision. This has been to some extent the case with the recent emergence of Professor Reinhardt into European fame; his achievements have been difficult to understand, dissociated from the history of artistic endeavor in the technical arts of stage-production which have been at work in the German theatre for more than a generation. To the English reader who wishes to get some idea of Reinhardt's own remarkable career since he took over the management of the "Deutsche Theater" in Berlin, we can recommend Herr Jacobsohn's suggestive and well-illustrated volume. Despite a somewhat disjointed impression due to the fact that its contents have already done service as criticism in the press, the book gives a good idea of the extraordinary range of Reinhardt's activity, extending, as it does, from the

Greek drama and Shakespeare through German classic literature to the most modern and uncompromising of modern Russian and German realists. But, after all, Reinhardt is only one—if the most striking—of the forces at work in the modern German theatre.

The beginning of the modern movement dates back to the famous performances of the Court Theatre, of Meiningen, which, on the visit of that company to London in 1881, awakened so much interest among us; the modern stage crowd, for instance, appeared for the first time in the Meiningen performances of "Julius Caesar." From that time onward the aim of the German stage has been to get beyond the historical realism on which the Meiningen triumphs were based. The movement was, in other words, immediately parallel to the striving of modern literature to free itself from the tyranny of unconditional realism, with the exception that literature was able to emancipate itself from the realistic dogma more rapidly than the theatre. The first step in the new direction was the Shakespeare stage of the Munich Court Theatre, which was inaugurated in 1889, a few months before the Meiningen Theatre gave their last "Gastspiel," and the present writer still remembers an artistic pilgrimage he made to Munich to see the wonderful performance of "King Lear" on the simplified stage, which appeared to many of us then as the final solution of the vexed problem of Shakespearean representation. But a great advance has taken place since 1889; and it is seen perhaps most significantly in the development which the Munich Shakespeare stage itself has undergone, in which Herr Amundsen's pamphlet gives an interesting account. The old stage, which combined ingeniously the principle of the Shakespearean platform-stage, the use of curtains, and an inner scenic stage, came to grief on a fatal compromise with realistic demands; it had not the courage to renounce the old, conventional stage realism in out-of-door scenes. The new Shakespeare stage of the Court Theatre will have nothing to do with illusion; it is frankly and consistently "stilisiert." It is an attempt to realise in the ordinary theatre the ideas which lie behind what we are inclined to regard as the most significant innovation of the modern stage in Germany, the "Relief" theatre or "Künstlertheater" which was built in Munich in 1908.

The "Künstlertheater" was a bold attempt to get rid, once and for all, of the old box idea of the stage, with its "wings" and "flies," or their more modern equivalents, which have led, and still lead, to veritable orgies of realism. The box stage was really, if we regard it historically, a creation of the bad taste of the baroque period. It ministered to the craving for senseless extravagance in the early days of the opera, and it attracted artists by the opportunities it afforded for indulging the newly discovered art of perspective. Why, said the Munich reformers, should we still act in a box because it suited a depraved Renaissance taste to act in a box? Why should we expend all our energies in a childish desire to create an illusion of reality, which the nearer it approaches success, the less it appeals to the artistic sense? The Greek drama was not played in a box; Shakespeare's plays were acted on a platform; why should we moderns not also have a form of stage that suits our special needs? The practical outcome of this reasoning was a theatre in which the cubic stage and its realism were dispensed with, in which the characters of the play appeared in "relief" against the background of the picture. There are, of course, many and serious disadvantages to this idea; in some cases these disadvantages have been easily removed; in others they are probably not removable at all. The Relief theatre is only the experimental beginning; not the last word. But we think it is the most vital contribution Germany has yet made to the solution of the modern problem of stage-representation. The principle involved in it has already many triumphs to its credit, of which perhaps the most striking was that wonderful performance of "Hamlet," under the direction of Professor Schumacher, in the Residenztheater in Dresden, at the beginning of 1909. But, it may be asked, how does all this stand to the art of Reinhardt, whom we associate with extremes of plastic realism. To regard Reinhardt, however, as committed to realism, as a mere modern "Meininger," is to misunderstand him entirely; from the first he has been the sworn enemy of realism for realism's sake. The problem of the

theatre, in his eyes, is to discover the precise style which suits each individual drama, and produce it accordingly; a classic drama has to be presented classically, a symbolic drama symbolically, and a modern realistic play with the most minute and illusion-producing realism. Some of Reinhardt's own greatest triumphs—"Sumurün," for instance—have been achieved on the anti-illusionistic Relief stage in Munich.

All these tendencies in the modern German theatre are excellently summed up in the very readable book on modern stagecraft by Dr. Alberty, whose point of view is in sympathy both with Reinhardt and the anti-illusionistic reforms. Moreover, apart from the views it advocates, Dr. Alberty's book is well adapted to give English readers an idea of the extraordinary demands—literary, as well as artistic—which the German theatre makes on its *metteurs en scène* and the earnestness with which it pursues its aims. A few months ago Dr. Max Martersteig, to whom we owe a fundamental work on the German theatre of the nineteenth century, was appointed to the coveted position of director of the Municipal Theatres of Leipzig; and he has just published an address which he delivered in Leipzig shortly after entering upon his new duties. His theme is the function of the theatre in the State, and, taking Schiller as his text, he deals particularly with the need of a high ethical purpose in the national stage, a purpose which will pander neither to the false sentimentality of the half-educated nor to the needs of the young person, but will face life as it is; that will shrink neither from the terror and pity of great tragedy, nor the frank wit of great comedy, and will serve alike the ends of idealism and realism. The supreme need is artistic sincerity, and all else will follow. Can one doubt that a municipality which has the courage to put at the head of its theatre a man with so inspiring a policy is not acting in the very highest interests of the community and of an art in which Germany at the present day is leading Europe? We sincerely hope that if our National Theatre scheme comes within the range of practical realisation, the responsible committee will make it its first care to see that those in whose control its artistic destinies are placed will have the opportunity of familiarising themselves with the working of one or other of the great Court or Municipal Theatres of Germany.

THE BISHOP CHATTY.

"Some Pages of My Life." By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., late Bishop of Ripon. (Williams & Norgate. 15s. net.)

LET US get the worst of it over. We remember Dr. Boyd Carpenter as a prime favorite of platforms, very spruce and dapper, enormously fluent, prodigiously chatty on a quantity of subjects, a grand man for the Guildhall, with a Lord Mayor in the chair. Once we wondered what it would be like if he wrote a book about it—about anything. As for his power of pleasing a popular audience, there was never any doubt on that point.

Well, here is a book, mainly autobiographical, and we note at once that the writer is just as fluent and as chatty as the speaker was. But—alas! there are several buts to be discharged. Dr. Carpenter begins in the nursery (no harm in this, if we recall Herbert Spencer's remarks on the principles of biography), and is an unconscionable time in quitting. He takes up his toys, and can scarcely bring himself to drop them. We have "Little Mary Anne," the nurse, and "Miss Wingate, who was our governess," and "my Aunt Fanny," who "had a dog—a fat, long-haired, white dog, with yellow spots and a pig-like nose." Now there goes a great art to this kind of prattle, if the reader is to like it, and accept it as autobiography. In all gentleness we submit that in such a passage as the following (and there are many passages of the same sort), an auto-biographical bishop of seventy has forgotten the very important thing called literary proportion.

"My Jinnies! No, it is not likely that this word will convey any meaning to my friends of later years; but my Jinnies were much to me. . . .

"What were they? Take a piece of flannel, of whatever size you will, roll it lengthwise; then tie a knot close, but not too close, to one end. Then you have an improvised and inexpensive doll. The knot forms the head; the tuft, which

sprouts above it is the head-dress; the portion below the head, which should be the longest portion of all, is the decently draped body. It is a Jinny, and to my childish mind a Jinny was a joy. This, however, is only the beginning of the romance. There was a tribal history of the Jinnies."

Yes, there was a tribal history of the Jinnies; and although the Bishop's memoirs do not go much above three hundred pages, the tribal history is bestowed on us.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 receives a chapter, from which we lift this memorable incident:—

"Once I was separated from our party, and I found myself alone, and lost in the huge and perplexing glass house. However, I took my courage in my hand. I thought I knew my way, and I walked back to our lodgings in Jermyn Street, pleased that my topographical instinct had been correct. My father and mother thought more of my exploit than it deserved. At any rate, it reassured them that I need not necessarily be lost in the great metropolis, though I was only ten years old."

By-and-by the right reverend author is extolling books.

"Books! They all have a fascination for me. To be let loose in an old-book shop is one of the joys of life. There variety in a hundred forms can charm. What variety of subjects offer themselves! . . . Then what pleasure to take a volume down from the shelves! . . . The proprietor of the old-book shop is usually a man of knowledge and literary feeling. . . . He can continue posting up his next catalogue while you wander about the shop. . . . What peace there is in his shop! . . . My mother used to read to us on Sunday afternoons. We had Mrs. Sherwood's 'Stories on the Church Catechism.' I am afraid that this book did not arrest our attention."

A chapter on "Excursions" begins:—

"Liverpool is a place of ships. The broad bosom of the Mersey welcomes them with wide hospitality. Like a woman, she makes difficulties at first, but once the bar is crossed there is generous welcome and unstinting accommodation."

The Bishop and his family dined with Browning and Jowett at Balliol, and to his daughter Dr. Carpenter said: "Nannie, you are seventeen and Browning is seventy. If you are wise you will keep a record of this dinner, and of all you hear from Browning and Jowett." What Miss Nannie heard from Jowett we are not told. What she heard from Browning during dinner was a recommendation to try the mutton. In the drawing-room,

"Browning became reminiscent, and delighted us with tales of his boyhood. When he was eight years old he went to a kind of dame school, kept by a Mrs. Reader and her daughter Anne. One regular ceremony was the weekly combing out and oiling of the hair of the pupils . . . to the accompaniment of the hymn, 'Sweet is the work, my God and King.' This was sung to the tune known as *Portugal New*. . . . While telling this tale, Browning was full of mirth!"

Also, no doubt, Miss Nannie.

Far better than this is the chapter on Tennyson, of whom Dr. Carpenter saw much. One evening the poet was asked to read, and Mrs. Carpenter suggested "The Passing of Arthur." Tennyson snorted. Anybody, he said, could read that; it wanted no reading. He would read the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Dr. Carpenter gives us this excellent description of the performance:

"The reading was a revelation to me. To call it good reading would not describe it; for it would suggest conventional standards. It was not merely good reading; it was something more and different. It was wonderful; for, as the voice of the poet played over the words, the whole scene came before one. The appeal to the ear promoted the sense of vision. We heard all the various sounds to be heard in the streets on that great occasion of the Duke's burial. We heard the orderly tread of the soldiers, the disorderly shuffling of the feet of the crowd, the roll of the drums, the boom of the guns, the stately funeral march. We heard the music of that moment, and hearing, we saw the scene."

The reader, too, can see the scene through Dr. Carpenter's words, and were there many such pieces in these "Pages" the book had called for the warmest praise. But we can heartily commend yet another chapter, in which Queen Victoria comes before us through the medium of some of her simplest and most sympathetic letters. Discarding the stately and stilted third person singular, her Majesty writes to Dr. Carpenter in the first person, frankly, naturally, and with a very tender thoughtfulness. Here is one of the letters:—

"I am so shocked and grieved at not having answered your kind letter of the 26th . . . which I am the more sorry for, as I fear you have not been well. You work too hard. It is not right to overwork oneself, for if we sacrifice ourselves we can no longer do the necessary, which we ought, for the sake

of others. My beloved husband worked himself to death; Norman Macleod did . . . and what was the consequence? Pray, don't do it."

In another letter the Queen sorrows with Dr. Carpenter over the death of his baby daughter, her godchild, to whom she had given as a christening present "a beautiful gold cross, studded with pearls." The Queen wonders, as to the child, "What can its work be now?" and goes on to suggest that Mrs. Carpenter "might hereafter like to wear it [the cross] as a double remembrance."

The "hereafter" underlined strikes us as a very delicate touch.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE SERBS.

"The Southern Slav Question." By R. W. SETON-WATSON, D.Litt. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

A GENERATION ago, Sir Robert Morier was eccentric when he preached the vitality and proclaimed the future destinies of the Hapsburg Empire. Ten years ago, there still were journalists who used to speculate at each fresh internal crisis on the approaching dissolution of Austria-Hungary after the present Emperor's death. The scholarly work of Mr. Seton-Watson has killed the last survivals of that superstition in this country. There is an Austrian question, and none perhaps is more vital for the future of Europe; but it is generally understood to-day that it is a constructive problem. Two decisive events in recent years have helped to state its terms. When Austria responded as much to the Russian object-lesson as to her own internal unrest by adopting manhood suffrage, she ranked herself finally among the Liberal Powers, and sloughed the medieval dress which still clung to her. When, finally, she annexed Bosnia, she imposed upon herself the further duty of facing the settlement of the Servian question. One asks on what basis she will eventually settle her relations with Hungary? One asks how long the Magyar oligarchy can retain its ascendancy on the basis of the most reactionary of all Continental franchises over the proletariat and the non-Magyar races at once? One asks on what terms Serbs and Croats will ultimately be domiciled within the Empire? These are large and speculative questions, but one asks no longer how and where Austria-Hungary is going to "break up."

In a former volume, Mr. Seton-Watson investigated the methods of barbarism by which the Magyars have contrived to degrade and oppress the Slavs and Roumanians within their kingdom. The natural sequel is this equally elaborate and masterly book, in which he traces the relations of Croatia to the Magyar Kingdom on the one hand, and to Vienna on the other. His studies have led him into a romantic and comparatively neglected by-way of history. English sympathy with Kossuth blinded most of our fathers to the wrongs which the Slavs endured through many centuries at the hands of the Magyars. The name of Jellacic, Ban of Croatia, lives in the popular memory as the leader of some almost barbarous revolt against the forces of liberty. In these careful and objective pages the merits of that episode are brought into clear relief. The Croats intervened against the Magyars, not at all to perpetuate the reactionary Viennese tradition, but to assert their own national rights. How ill Vienna rewarded them, how unworkable their Home Rule compromise has proved with a partner so overbearing as Hungary, how the division of orthodox Slav against Catholic Croat facilitated the work of their anti-national governors, how in the end the two fragments of the Servian race came together in recent years and began to realize the dream which Bishop Strossmayer had conceived for the future of the Southern Slavs—all this is well told in Mr. Seton-Watson's pages. The actual and dramatic interest of the book begins when he comes to deal with the two recent dangers to which the Serbo-Croatian race has been exposed. The encroachments and oppressions of the Magyar Coalition followed familiar and traditional lines. More startling and more sinister were the intrigues with which Baron von Aerenthal's name are associated.

Baron von Aerenthal is certainly the luckiest statesman in Europe. When the French General Staff conspired, by means of forged documents, against a single Jewish officer, the power of Jewish influences availed to make their names a by-word in the world's Press. For months, every alert reader

was kept informed in all the languages of Europe of the unsavory details of the Dreyfus case, and its complications only added to the interest of the mystery. The Austrian Foreign Office escaped lightly, because it assailed a race which has few friends and no powerful protector in Europe. No English newspaper, except the "Times," gave an intelligible narrative of this obscure conspiracy, and a European scandal, far graver in its possible consequences than the Dreyfus case, was buried in a charitable obscurity. Mr. Seton-Watson, with infinite patience, has re-told this singular chapter of European history, the under-side of the Bosnian annexation. One cannot recall it without reaching the conviction that Austrian diplomacy aimed at something much more than the annexation of Bosnia. That limited end could probably have been reached quietly enough, and with the consent of Europe, if it had suited Baron von Aerenthal to achieve it quietly. For our part, we cannot avoid the suspicion that he wished to pick a quarrel with the Servian kingdom, and perhaps, in one bold stroke, to bring the whole territory inhabited by the Servian race, by force and war, within the confines of the Empire. That is a guess. The indubitable fact is that for several years Vienna and Budapest worked in concert, by means of hired informers and forged documents, to affix on the Servian kingdom the charge of conspiring with the Serbs of Bosnia and Croatia to establish a Pan-Serb State. The motives of Budapest were simple. The Magyars were bent on breaking up the Nationalist Coalition of Croats and Serbs which dominated the Croatian Diet. It was useful for Vienna to prepare the annexation of Bosnia by showing that the provisional régime there was in danger. So much is beyond all doubt. But when Vienna went further and involved the Servian Government and dynasty in these false charges, we seem to detect some larger motive. Happily, the main facts are beyond reasonable dispute. The case brought in the Viennese Courts by the Croatian Deputies against the Austrian historian, Dr. Friedjung, who had published anti-Servian revelations, based on the forgeries supplied to him by the Foreign Office, served to unmask the whole conspiracy. We know that the fifty-three Serbo-Croatian politicians victimised in the scandalous Agram trial were innocent. We know that there was no Pan-Servian conspiracy. We know, on the contrary, that the real conspiracy was one of false witness and forgery, suborned and controlled from the Austrian Legation in Belgrade. The forgeries were, fortunately, extremely clumsy. A Servian Foreign Minister, notable for his literary style, was saddled with the authorship of a fabricated despatch, full of bad grammar and bristling with Germanisms, which could only have been a translation by an unskilled hand from a German original. Fanciful minutes of the secret society which was supposed to direct the anti-Austrian plot were signed by a Servian politician, who was able to prove that he was, on the given date, safely absent in Berlin. At every test these documents broke down, until Professor Friedjung himself withdrew them. There is no question that they were concocted in the Belgrade Legation. The evidence which makes Baron von Aerenthal himself a guilty partner to the forgery is necessarily conjectural and incomplete. But we question whether Mr. Seton-Watson has done him any injustice. He cashiered officials of his department who had drawn his attention to the fraud, and promoted one diplomatist who certainly was responsible. No innocent Minister who had been duped and misled into such a moral morass, who had been convicted of basing his policy on fabricated documents, and had seen himself associated, in the eyes of Europe, with a plot which had sent fifty blameless men to prison on forged evidence, could have been content, as Baron von Aerenthal was, to hush the scandal up. An innocent Minister would have insisted on cleansing his own répute and the good name of Austrian diplomacy by a drastic purge in the personnel of his staff.

This digression, told with a great mass of documentary detail, has a vital bearing on the main theme of Mr. Seton-Watson's book. The only possible, the only tolerable, future, now for the Servian race would undoubtedly be the creation of an autonomous Servian State within the Hapsburg Empire as a third member of a trinity with Austria and Hungary. The hope of any union centred in the corrupt and backward Servian Kingdom has gone for ever, and the best fate for Servia itself would be as close an

association as possible with the Empire, if not actual absorption in an Austro-Servian State. "Trialism" is the solution of the future and the key to the separate problems of Croatia and Bosnia. Croats and Servians have found already a common culture and have blended in a common party. Their religious differences need not stand in the way of the creation of a united and progressive state under the Hapsburg Crown. The southern Slavs will begin to have a destiny when they are delivered from their present partial dependence on Budapest; and Mr. Seton-Watson carries conviction when he argues that the creation of an autonomous state from the isolated fragments of Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina would be equally beneficial to Austria and to the Balkan Slavs. But no one will think him unduly pessimistic when he concludes that a solution so bold and so liberal as this is unthinkable while Baron von Aerenthal continues to dominate the policy of Vienna.

The manner of this book will need little description, and its thoroughness no eulogy for those acquainted with Mr. Seton Watson's earlier works. They are classics already for all who desire to be informed of the problems that centre round the Hungary of to-day, and their popularity in Austria, where they circulate already in several languages, is a proof that their fairness and accuracy is recognised by those who are best able to judge. Mr. Seton-Watson writes a quiet and scholarly style. One learns not to regret a certain austerity of manner as one realises how much this self-suppression assists him in the judicial marshalling of his facts and documents. He has spared himself no labor, whether in travelling or in acquiring languages, or in researches among newspaper files and legal reports. This new volume will add, if possible, to an already established reputation. It is a model of what the handling of a vexed and difficult problem in contemporary history should be.

SIGURD AND OTHERS.

"The Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. IX. to XII. (Longmans. 24 vols. £12 12s. net.)

THE new volumes in this, the definitive edition of Morris's work, contain "Love is Enough" and "Poems by the Way," "Three Northern Love Stories," the translations of "Beowulf" and the "Æneids," and "Sigurd the Volsung." They also contain examples of the poet's work as draughtsman and one beautiful specimen of his illuminated writing. Miss May Morris, in her introductions, continues to give us vivid and intimate accounts of her father's intellectual and artistic development, showing him now experimenting with his ornamented manuscripts, now re-establishing dyeing as an industry, spending weeks together among the vats at Leek, and again throwing himself, with his astonishing energy, into the social and political issues of his time, or the work of some such association as that for the preservation of ancient buildings. These four volumes are, then, peculiarly representative of Morris's many-sided activities, and illustrate in a striking manner the completeness with which his art and his life were identified. Any critical examination of an expression so full and varied is impossible within the limits of a short notice.

"Sigurd the Volsung" was regarded by Morris as his highest poetic achievement. Considering the poem as a whole, his judgment must be accepted. There are times when he momentarily touches greater heights elsewhere, notably in the last book of "Jason," where the story is conducted with a poignancy such as is achieved even by the greatest only two or three times in their lives. But in its conception and cumulative effect, "Sigurd" remains one of the very great poems of the modern world, and all criticism of it must set out from that understanding. A passion so sustained, and yet of such perfect clarity, is scarcely to be matched in literature. Greater psychological subtlety may be found in almost any poet of Morris's size, from Spenser to Browning, and a greater range of emotion and imaginative statement; but in the continuous union of intensity with unerring simplicity, Morris is supreme. Beside him even Chaucer is complex. This high virtue of simplicity is attained by all great poets at intervals; but

it was reserved for Morris to attempt it throughout a large body of work, and escape tenuity and weakness. Just as his understanding of the medieval spirit was something born in him rather than acquired, so was the temper that drew him at all times towards the Northern stories and their heroes. And simplicity of passion is the ultimate distinction of the North. The luxuriance of the South, with all its beauty, tends to obscurity. Nothing is further from wisdom than to suppose that the passion of the North is cold; it is merely naked. And it is very interesting to hear of the difference in the enthusiasm with which Morris returned from his Italian and Icelandic journeys. His sympathies were too wide to be untouched by the story and art of Italy; but it was Iceland that seized and held his imagination. In Italy he was critic—eager and alive indeed; but in Iceland he was creator. And his journeys to the North, his brooding over the Sagas, and his translations—all found their splendid culmination in "Sigurd." He was content to leave his reputation to that poem because he felt that it embodied the fullest expression of his own temper.

In paying due heed to a poet's finest work, however, we are unwise if we neglect the rest of his achievement. Morris, by virtue of "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd," is gradually reaching security among those people whose voices from age to age combine to form the final pronouncement as to a poet's rank. Already he is assured of a place among the foremost; but a good deal of his work is still generally overlooked. "Love is Enough" may not in every way stand comparison with his best work. In it, indeed, his supreme quality of ease gives place at times to something experimental and uncertain; but the play still remains the work of a great poet, and such as only a great poet could have written. No one who wishes to understand Morris can afford to disregard it, as he certainly cannot afford to disregard "Poems by the Way."

With these four volumes the first half of the collected works is complete. The success of the edition is now assured. We still note an occasional slip in the setting of the text; but, apart from this, the books are admirably produced in every way. The type chosen is precisely what a type should be—clear and comely, without unduly asserting itself. The utmost pains have been taken with the illustrations, and the reproduction of the page of "Horace" in Morris's lettering is a wholly beautiful piece of work. The more one reads of Miss Morris's introductions, too, the more is one impressed by their modesty and understanding. Taken together, they form a valuable adjunct to Mr. Mackail's "Life." And, finally, as far as we can speak after a somewhat cursory examination of the text, the editing appears to be irreproachable.

A MANUAL OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

"Problems of Local Government." By G. MONTAGU HARRIS. (P. S. King. 10s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the many Congresses held at Brussels in 1910, perhaps the most useful was one which met to discuss "Les Sciences Administratives." This title covers a wide field, but for the most part the papers and discussions referred to questions of local government, and it is with these alone that Mr. Montagu Harris deals in the book before us. Delegates attended from all parts of the world and from twenty-two Governments, but one Government stood icily aloof and ignored the Congress—our own; and yet, as Mr. Harris observes, we are just now about to overhaul the relations between local and imperial taxation, and we are creating new and altering old administrative machinery, both central and local.

More than a hundred papers, filling four large volumes, were submitted to the Congress, and the report of the daily discussions forms a fifth volume. The aim of Mr. Harris's book is to give a general idea of these papers and of the discussions, but the papers were often so full of information that he can only give the main points of each. So far as we have seen, hardly any report of the Congress appeared in English journals, except an article in the "Local Government Review," although the papers of Mr. Henry Hobhouse and others have been reprinted; and so anyone who

wants to know what happened at the Congress can only find out from Mr. Harris's book.

No one will argue that what is good for one country is necessarily good for all, but as the President (M. Cooreman) said, there are universal principles and common rules "which no frontier bars or confines, and which it would be useful to place in strong relief." Continental systems of local government differ a good deal among themselves, but less than they differ from our own system. Thus the chief unit in most Continental countries is the parish or commune, which gives the same form of government to the great city as to the village. Moreover, the central Government often has its own official—maire, prefect, or governor—who also acts as the head and executive of the local body. Its control, too, over local finances is very complete, for the local budgets require the sanction of a Government official before they become effective. The communes, it is true, have more freedom than the larger areas; in fact, a Spanish writer, Señor Valdivieso, of Valencia, declared that in the centralised countries, such as France, Italy, and Spain, legislation appears to have been "animated with the desire of suppressing every germ of autonomy in the provincial bodies."

Municipal trading has its advocates and critics on the Continent just as it has here; but the Congress passed a very favorable resolution. Mr. Harris quotes largely from the excellent *rapport général* of M. Brees, who reviews the practices of the chief countries. France, we read, places most obstacles in the way of municipalisation, and the Conseil d'Etat displays an "absolute and persistent hostility," though it allows funerals. M. Brees agrees with Professor Nézard in attributing the weakness of the municipalising movement to "the essentially conservative spirit of the country," but he adds a further cause, which may seem remarkable to Englishmen, "the great predominance still existing, in France as in Belgium, of the ideas of the Manchester School."

Mr. Harris writes particularly well on local finance, and he suggests that the councils of our great cities should be allowed to decide, without the expensive preliminary of a private bill, whether they will undertake one of a certain category of services. He adds, too, that this is part of the yet larger question whether, subject to a proper Government audit, "which would check all action contrary to law, the larger local authorities should not then be left a very free hand to carry on the government of their area in the way they judge best."

The second half of the book contains reprints of several papers contributed by English experts, such as Professor Sadler, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Jenks, and also three papers on the work of the Departments of Agriculture in England, Holland, and the United States. These would require too much space for an adequate notice, but we may call attention to Mr. W. D. Bushell's paper on "Central Control of Local Government," in which he argues that control is much better obtained through officials partly responsible to the Local Government Board, as under the Poor Law, than through inspectors, as under the Public Health Acts.

Mr. Konstam, we are glad to see, has omitted his partisan and irrelevant attack on the Budget of 1909, which originally appeared in his contribution on rating. Altogether, this is a useful and interesting book, and appears at a time when many problems of local government are pressing for solution.

THE HEROINE WHO DOES NOT MARRY.

- "The Qualities of Mercy." By CECIL ADAIR. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
- "Love on the Happy Hill." By VIOLET PEARL. (Melrose. 6s.)
- "Love's Artist." By L. M. BRIGSTOCKE. (Ham-Smith. 6s.)
- "The Island of Enchantment." By JUSTUS M. FORMAN. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)
- "Old Enough to Know Better." By WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening. 6s.)

IN "The Qualities of Mercy" Miss Adair has accomplished what few novelists have the courage to attempt; she has given us a heroine who does not marry—because she prefers

to remain single. Novel readers are not, of course, unacquainted with the heroine who is an object of pity in that she does not marry, either because she has loved and lost, or because she is too unattractive to be loved at all. It might be possible to stretch a point and maintain that Miss Adair's heroine only remains single because the favorite boy chum of her childhood is debarred from marriage by reason of a hereditary curse upon his family; the incurable sentimental would certainly deduce from Miss Adair's book this reason for the spinsterhood of Mercy Quentin. But it would not be fair to Miss Adair, because she has made a careful study of the kind of woman who, more often than not, remains single in real life; and whether Colin's inability to ask her in marriage has anything to do with it or not, Mercy's spinsterhood is perfectly consistent with the author's conception of her. This is not meant to imply, as it would have done even a quarter of a century ago, that Mercy is that creation of the imagination, a "woman's woman," who must of necessity be unattractive to men and unattracted by them. She is, on the contrary, the very human woman we are all acquainted with, whose upbringing has been so broad-minded and whose income is so firmly settled upon her that she is free to contemplate marriage as a possible happiness instead of a dire necessity, and who in herself is a woman of wide and intelligent sympathies, inclining rather towards friendship than towards love, anxious to protect every suffering being she meets rather than to be the mother of her own children only. A few centuries ago she would have been a great Abbess; to-day she is a Mercy Quentin, surrounded with men and women friends, her life filled with interests and good works. "The Qualities of Mercy" is not a great book; it is not even a remarkably interesting book. It is much too long, for one thing; it is a little dull because of the excellence of most of the people in it, and a little melodramatic because of the deeply-dyed villainy of the villain in it. But it remains a book that is worth reading because the author has tried to grapple with one of the most striking characteristics of the century—the existence of the attractive and intelligent woman who prefers to remain single when she has a free choice in the matter.

The author of "Love on the Happy Hill" has rather less courage than Miss Cecil Adair. She, too, presents in Edith Dymock a woman of the type that does not usually seek or find happiness in marriage, not so much because, as in the case of Mercy Quentin, her sympathies are too wide to be entirely satisfied by a happy home of her own, but rather because her sympathies are intellectual ones, because she wants to do things rather than to be something. But by some queer psychological change in her that is not clearly explained, she becomes halfway through the book quite another sort of woman, who wants to marry and regenerate a man who has made a wreck of his first marriage; and the reader is left to suppose on the last page that this is what she finally succeeds in doing. We have no quarrel with Miss Violet Pearn for working out her idea in this manner; it is the way in which life frequently works it out; hers is not so original an experiment as Miss Adair's, that is all. On the other hand, her book is far more interesting, done with a lighter touch, better written, in fact. Her descriptions have an epigrammatic crispness that is very refreshing; one sees at a glance Geoffrey's "absurd flat" in Bayswater, absurd "because it is all stairs, and it's adapted, and strange people live in the first storey"; and adapted things are frequently absurd and "often improper—at least, when they're adapted from the French." Equally clear to one's vision, in quite another way, is the old bedroom in the Devonshire farmhouse, "a big, raftered room, with an uneven oaken floor, a room that had the air of being equally at home with birth and death." Similar little touches reveal the people in the book in illuminating flashes—Lady Romer, who "has discovered the secret of our restless age. . . . The age that dare not dream for fear of having nightmare"; or Geoffrey's neighbors in the Bayswater flat, who are "the sort of people who wash a great deal on Saturday and eat a great deal on Sunday"; or Geoffrey himself, in Edith Dymock's summary of him—"There was once a man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but you, you are worse than that, you mistake the mess of pottage for your

birthright." And beyond all this is the larger idea of the book, the idea that birth, marriage, and death, can be beautiful or ugly according to the measure of love that attends upon all three—not a new idea, by any means, but one of the eternal truths that bear repetition if the repetition is well done. "Love on the Happy Hill" is distinctly well done.

In "Love's Artist," Mrs. L. M. Brigstocke has set out to prove that a woman's sense of honor, unless hopelessly blunted by a mistaken upbringing, is as strong as a man's—rather an unnecessary task at this time of day, one would have thought. She has not been very successful, largely owing to an unfortunate choice of incidents which tend to prove that the sense of honor in the author's mind is of the kind that is known among thieves. Denise Vernon, brought up among boys, has a love of truth instilled into her at an early age when, in punishment for a slight prevarication, she is twice severely caned by their tutor. It is a little difficult to see the moral of this incident, especially as the tutor—a clergyman, by the way—thoroughly loses his temper over it and canes the child across her shoulders because, very naturally, his treatment of her offence makes her stubborn instead of repentant. Later in the book, Denise, as the wife of an intolerable prig called Geoffrey Carlton, allows herself to get mixed up in an Anglo-Indian intrigue through a mistaken notion that it is more honorable to deceive her husband and make clandestine appointments with a worthless young lieutenant, than to betray the murky secrets and intrigues of the woman who has been her friend from childhood. A little plain speaking all round would have resulted in far less loss of honor to everybody concerned, and would have saved three people's lives; for a murder and two deaths by drowning are the outcome of the ridiculous muddle.

It is refreshing to turn from problems and theories to pure romance; and there is plenty of this in Mr. Justus M. Forman's volume of short stories, "The Island of Enchantment." Without any appreciable change of dialect, for which every reader will be thankful, he takes us from medieval Venice to the modern Empire of Trebizond—in the neighborhood, presumably, of Ruritania—and back from modern England to medieval Brittany. He seems equally familiar with every one of these settings, and it is hard to say in which of his tales he is most successful. The story which gives its name to the collection is, perhaps, the most charming in the book and one of the best constructed, the revelation at the end being a real surprise even to the reader prepared for romantic *dénouements* of the kind. But the tale which seems to stand out from all the rest is that of "The Dream." There is a real thrill in it, and it is told very simply, as a story with a thrill in it should always be told and rarely is told. Mr. Forman makes no attempt at imitating the French *conte*—who that writes in English has done so since the days of the "Yellow Book"?—but he can make a long story short in a very pleasant way, and he does it several times in "The Island of Enchantment."

Mr. William Caine is another writer who does not trouble about the complexities of the age in which he lives, or of any other. "Old Enough to Know Better" is an excellent piece of fooling, with some good character drawing and a plot that borders on farce but never quite gets there, because the people who are the actors in it happen to be real though perhaps a little original in type. It is not quite convincing in places—where, for instance, a particularly nice young fellow, called Ridley Carpenter, manages to get himself involved with a particularly vulgar young woman called Emily Snyder, not because nice young fellows are immune from the intrigues of vulgar young women, but because the intrigues of this one are so transparent and so very devoid of all charm. And Ridley Carpenter is a delightful jester whose inconsequent conversation would seem to demand an epicure for a listener, not a publican's daughter who is after wealth and spangled fans and diamond brooches. It is very difficult to believe that Emily ever for a moment considered him seriously. All this, however, is immaterial, since the book is not one that is meant to be considered seriously. It will pass an hour or two more easily than the average story of a farcical kind; and once upon a time, when bookstalls were young, it would have been bound in a yellow-backed cover.

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